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[PART CIX.]



THE RAMBLER.

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THE IRISH CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT. CAN WE UPSET IT?

It requires a great deal of skill to make the most of a good grievance. The very best of grievances may be spoiled by want of judicious management. It may be over-worked, or under-worked, or at unfitting times and in unfitting company; or it may be perverted by the aggrieved into a means for blinding themselves, instead of an instrument for confounding their adversaries. And so, instead of being a very valuable gift for the furtherance of political or social strategy, it may turn out not merely a grievance, real or imaginary, but a very serious evil.

We have sometimes thought that we Catholics have not altogether attained perfection in the management of our grievances. This, no doubt, is partly to be accounted for by the fact that so many of them have been not only grievances, but matters of life and death, if not physically, yet politically, socially, and religiously. A man must have acquired some sort of recognised equality with his adversary in order to allow him to employ his grievances to any advantage at all. It is of no use to call out, "Strike, but hear me!" to a villain who does not even say, "Your money or your life," but knocks one down senseless before he proceeds to rifle one's pockets. And as this prostrate condition has been a fair type of the state of Catholics for the greater part of the last three centuries, it is not to be wondered at that we still sometimes mistake the nature of the evils that yet oppress us, and mismanage them to our serious loss.

There is also another way in which those who suffer from a grievance may themselves add to its evils instead of diminishing them; we mean by over-estimating the importance of one injury, and underrating that of another. When a man is galled and stung, almost past endurance, by the pressure

of a complicated wrong, it is not easy calmly to analyse its several parts, and decide on the precise degree of pain and suffering which each element of injustice produces in him. It is, indeed, one of the arts of the tormentor so to agitate and bewilder his victim, as to neutralise his power of resistance by making him waste his strength in indiscriminate blows and unreflecting struggles. The tyrant thus manages at once to cover his own weak points, and to enfeeble the remaining energies of his victim. Yet there is perhaps no situation in human affairs which more urgently demands self-possession and calmness in calculation than that of a man who is striving to rid himself of a cruel wrong. Every mistake he makes is so much gain to his oppressor; who in the mean time husbands his means and watches his time, and never exerts his strength except to rivet the sufferer's chains anew.

It is not difficult to see in what way these truths are applicable to our own proceedings with regard to the Established Church in Great Britain and Ireland. Here we have a state of things which to us Catholics is both a wrong and an evil of the first magnitude. With all the advantages that we derive from living under the British Constitution, as contrasted with the despotism of the Continent, here is a combination of special injustice and practical mischief which is not to be found exactly paralleled in any other European state. We suffer from a double usurpation almost peculiar to the British isles. Elsewhere the same original crimes have been perpetrated with fully as unsparing a hand; elsewhere the State has openly attacked the Church, seized her revenues, destroyed or appropriated her cathedrals, churches, and monasteries; banished and executed her clergy, and made the very practice of Catholicism as a private religion penal. But nowhere else has Protestantism succeeded so fully in usurping the title to all moral, intellectual, and material greatness, and in branding the true faith with just that stigma which makes it specially odious in the eyes of the most influential portion of the people. Doubtless the same game of misrepresentation is played every where. It is the common cant of Protestantism to allege that Popery is identical with intellectual feebleness; that the dignity of man is lowered by his believing in miracles and going to confession to a priest. Still, it is here only that the imposition has succeeded with all that is wisest and best in the non-Catholic portion of the nation. Men of sense and honour abroad, when not Catholics, are often to some extent superior to the anti-Catholic prejudices of the vulgar Protestant mind. But here it is the

reverse. The belief in the degrading influences of Catholicism is wrought into the very texture of the English Protestant brain. The Englishman has imbibed it, often insensibly, with every morsel of intellectual and moral food which has been presented to him. He actually cannot think differently. It shocks all he holds dear and sacred; it seems to militate against the first truths of reason and all the experience of humanity to look on Popery as any thing but an enslaving, senseless, and debasing superstition. When you force the facts of the past on his notice, he stares like a man who, for the first time, is told that his father was a scoundrel, and his mother no better than she should be. In all sincerity he looks down on Catholics as Pariahs; as another race of beings; as men who, by the laws of morals, must be treated in a different way from the adherents of every other religion on earth. Such is the force of that double usurpation which Protestantism has accomplished in this land of liberty, equality, common sense, and legal justice.

Stung to the quick, however, as we have been, by robbery, spoliation, murder, and outlawry, and witnessing as we do the splendours of our own former possessions now in the hands of our enemies, we are sometimes apt to confuse past wrongs and present evils, and to overlook the working of the most fertile sources of injury to our religion in the present day. The memory recurs again and again to the state of things under which the gigantic crime was originally perpetrated; and we forget to study the entirely new condition of society under which we are living. Could the old wrong be redressed, we say to ourselves, all would go well with us. And so we bend our energies towards denouncing the crimes of the dead, and flatter ourselves that could we tear from our oppressor those particular possessions which he stole from our fathers; could we eject him from the position which once was ours,—the real problem of the day would be solved; and not only Catholics, but the Catholic religion—its faith and its morals—would once more flourish in the land.

Led aside by these pardonable misconceptions, we too often waste ourselves in efforts which are practically worthless, because they can come to no result; and worse than worthless, because they distract our attention from that course which alone will actually cure the evils we complain of. A sort of unreality stamps itself on our anti-Protestant proceedings, and gives to many of our most serious efforts the appearance of mere party animosity. When we are busied in the cause of Almighty God and of immortal souls, people take us to mean no more than is meant by

an election cry, or the noisy clamourings of selfishness and greediness of gain. We have too often suffered ourselves to be led away, and to be represented to the world, by men who are mere politicians ; who carry " the Catholic cause " into the parliamentary market as so much stock-in-trade, and whose object is their own personal advancement, and not the well-being of the whole body of English and Irish Catholics, as a portion of the English and Irish nation. With these men, of course, the natural plan is, to make the most of those grievances which tell on the hustings, or in Parliament, or at a dinner, or on a platform, or in a letter to a newspaper. That silent and laborious work which tends to raise the Catholic character and to disabuse the better class of Protestants has little charms for them. They want some tangible object for themselves to strike at, while the crowd stands by and applauds their blows. Thus they attain their own ends—notoriety, place, position, pay, or whatever it may be—at little cost of labour to themselves ; while we too credulously accredit them with the character of defenders of the faith, of men of dauntless courage, and patriotic citizens of the great Catholic commonwealth.

The readiest object for political attack is naturally the Established Church of England and Ireland. When a speaker or writer has nothing else to say or scribble, he falls foul of this monstrous institution, bespatters it with the facts and figures of parliamentary blue-books, and winds up with a grand denunciation of its especial iniquity in Ireland, on the ground that the Catholics there are a more numerous portion of the whole people than they are in England. Now of course we have not the smallest objection to any exposure whatever that can be made of the wealth, the absurdities, the inconsistencies of the Protestant Establishment, and especially of the concentrated absurdity of the establishment of a Protestant ministry where there is no flock at all for the hireling to look after. By all means let us lose no opportunity for refreshing the Protestant mind with these interesting facts, and suffer none of the misdoings of established Protestantism to be overlooked or undervalued. We only object to this kind of " Catholic tactics " when it makes us forget the only practicable means for actually upsetting the whole tyranny of Protestantism, and deludes us into assuming principles which we are far from wishing to see carried out.

Here, however, we must pause, to explain what we ourselves hold to be the principles on which our plans for the future should be based in the matter of Establishments and church-property ; for to those who differ from us, all we can

say on mere matters of tactics will be so much waste of words. Until we are agreed in our aims, we cannot agree in our actions. In one word, then, we do not want the revenues of the Established Church, either in England or Ireland. Whether we want their buildings, either all or some of them, is another thing. At any rate, we do not want their tithes, their glebes, their comfortable parsonages, or their episcopal palaces; still less do we want to see our prelates, like their prelates, in the House of Lords. We prefer our poverty to their wealth; our independence to any sort of servitude to the State, however thickly gilt. We want no exclusive privileges. We want to stand on precisely the same level with the professors of all other religions or no-religions. We want equality of rights as citizens, and nothing more; for every thing else we wish to depend on our own capacities, our zeal, our learning, our honesty, and on the protection of God, and on nothing more.

With any scheme, therefore, or agitation, which has for its object the making the Established Protestant clergy change places with our own, we have no sympathy whatever, but the reverse. Whatever might have been said in favour of the State-Establishment of the true religion in past days, we believe that now the balance of argument is entirely against every thing of the kind, at least in countries where Catholicism and the State are not already bound up together. Of these cases we say nothing, as they are not our own, except that, on the whole, we imagine that wherever the separation can be quietly carried out, the better for the cause of true religion, and of good government into the bargain.

It will be concluded at once, then, that we take no interest in those attacks which are made on the Irish Establishment, as distinguished from the English, on the ground that in Ireland Catholicism is the religion of the majority; and which imply that there is comparatively no great harm done by the establishment of Protestantism in England, where Catholics are so few. If these especial assaults are made on the Irish Establishment with any ultimate plan for transferring its revenues to the Catholic clergy, as being the clergy of the majority, for ourselves, we say, rather than hang the incubus of vast and territorial wealth and of State connection on the neck of Irish Catholicism, let the Establishment stand as it is. The harm it does now is most serious; but the harm its riches and position would do, if they were ours, would be tenfold. A well-filled purse may be a powerful enemy, but it is a fatal friend. Modern society is such, and the relations of various religious sects to one another also such, that

the Catholic Church cannot now flourish if placed in the same position which she enjoyed in the middle ages. And how men of good sense and devout intentions, with the knowledge of what medieval wealth brought upon the Church, can sigh for high temporal places for the Catholic priesthood and hierarchy, is a marvel only to be accounted for by the fact that it is hard to believe any difficulties to be so trying as those which beset ourselves. Does any man believe that if the Church had remained comparatively poor and unconnected with the State, the "Reformation" would have taken place? People talk as if this same "Reformation" was the work of Protestants; and forget that it was the work of Catholic prelates, Catholic priests, Catholic monks, Catholic sovereigns, Catholic nobles, and Catholic gentlemen, corrupted to their heart's core *by gold*. Who, then, with all our present disasters, shortcomings, dissensions, and difficulties, can desire to see the palaces of Lambeth, York, Dublin, or Armagh inhabited by the rightful owners, rightful though they be? As to the greater mischiefs supposed to be done to religion by the Irish Establishment than by the English, the notion is very questionable. Undoubtedly it is peculiarly monstrous that all the machinery of a well-endowed parish should be kept up for the benefit of "dearly-beloved Roger," as Swift called his "congregation." And, at first sight, it seems less hard for an English Catholic to see the old Catholic buildings and the old Catholic tithes in anti-Catholic hands, when these anti-Catholics outnumber the resident Catholics as ten or twenty to one. But really the positive *wrong* is just the same in both cases. Whether I am kicked out of my own house in company with one-tenth or with nine-tenths of my neighbours similarly served, the injustice and suffering is the same to me; *I suffer just the same*; I have to pay my full share of the expenses necessary for building and keeping up a new church, and for supporting my own clergy, whether I am one of ten Catholics in a parish, or one of ten hundred; nay, if there is any difference, I who am one of a few am worse off than he is who is one of many; for many people together can carry on any work, whether ecclesiastical or otherwise, at a less cost per head, supposing each individual gains the same benefit in both cases, than can be managed by only a few people acting in concert. We have an illustration in the comparative temporal conditions of the English and Irish Catholic clergy. The English Catholic aristocracy and gentry, as a class, are, at the very least, as liberal in their gifts to the Church as are Catholics of equal rank and wealth in Ireland; but nevertheless, as a body, the Irish priesthood are in

more comfortable circumstances than the English. There are hard cases in Ireland, and there are a few priests in England who are well supported by their flocks; but nevertheless the English clergy find it much harder to live than do their Irish brethren, for this special reason, that Catholics being scattered, the cost of the maintenance of their clergy presses more severely upon them than where Catholics are many.

That the Catholic people of either England or Ireland would be gainers in a pecuniary way by the simple destruction of the Establishment, is simply fiction, except so far as English church-rates go. If tithes were utterly from this hour abolished, the mass of the people would not be one sixpence the richer. The sweeping away of the tithe (whether commuted or not) is simply the transferring of its amount from the present possessors *to the owners of the land*. The occupiers and the people in general would neither gain nor lose one farthing. If the tithes were transferred to the Catholic clergy, that would be quite another thing; but as we have said, may the day be far distant when we thus sow the seeds of corruption in our own body, and prepare Ireland, and England too, for a second "reformation."

All this, however, touches only the money part of the question. The real evil of the Establishment is of a far different nature, and requires to be met by measures of which the upsetting the Establishment itself is but a part. As an antagonist to our religion, and not simply as a rifler of our pockets, the Establishment injures us by fostering in the minds of the British and Irish people an idea that Catholicism is low, ungentlemanly, un-English, unintellectual, lax in morals, and a foe to civilisation and freedom. It is one of the main props of that vast system of misrepresentation by which the true claims of the Church are completely kept out of the sight of nine-tenths of the best members of the social state. It is by means of the Establishment, and through the stimulus supplied by the Establishment, that our books are put upon an *index expurgatorius*, the good deeds of our nuns are unremembered, our clergy are viewed as the hired minions of a foreign and anti-English potentate. It is the Establishment which ever strives to mark us with the ignominious name of "Dissenters," which perpetually whispers doubts of our honour and candour, which makes the respectable and aristocratic consider themselves *disgraced* when a member of their family "becomes a Romanist," as they phrase it. It is the Establishment that keeps up that "reign of terror" which holds so many timid souls in bondage, and terrifies those who are sensitive to ridicule, and gives a cur-

rency to those cant expressions which serve to make the conscientious imagine that they are serving God by stifling the voice of conscience itself. It is the Establishment which pays and feeds ten thousand popes throughout the land, whose very existence depends on the keeping alive the ridiculous old traditions of their immediate ancestors, and who can no more be expected to tell the whole truth than a doctor can be expected to decry drugs, or a butcher to advocate vegetarianism. The Establishment is the correlative of that *quasi-virtue* so dear to the heart of the Englishman and Englishwoman ; we mean, respectability. With such an Establishment, so venerable, so well-conducted, so free from vulgar fanaticism, so well-dressed, with such a liturgy, such anthems, such organs, such choristers, such cathedrals, such parsonages, such a literature, such universities, such college chapels and gardens, such libraries, such degrees, how is it possible that the genuine English mind can conceive it possible that, after all, the whole thing is a spiritual sham, a delusion of the past, a folly and crime of other days, to be swept away in order to make room for the true successors of the Apostles ?

It is, then, in its influence on the popular mind of Great Britain and Ireland that we recognise the grand injury that the Establishment does to the Catholic faith ; we see in it the clever possessor of stolen goods, who, to make sure of his ill-gotten wealth, contrives to blacken the character of its rightful owner, so that when he comes into court for redress he is forthwith turned out as a contemptible lying scoundrel. Of course we do not say that all the Anglican clergy and their adherents *know* what they are doing, when they do all this ; far from it. The old original thieves knew it well enough, and pretty shameless they were ; but their successors, who have inherited their gains, have not, we gladly admit, inherited their consciousness of the crimes they committed. But still, their acts are those of men who utterly misrepresent and malign us Catholics and our creed, and whose undeniable interest it is to prevent the British nation from opening its eyes.

Again, it is the interest of every one who is in any way connected with the Establishment to keep down Popery, as the rival of the Establishment, by branding it with the worst of characters. We never shall estimate rightly the strength of the Establishment if we view it simply or chiefly as a clerical or religious institution ; it is essentially a part of the income of the middle and upper classes of the community ; its welfare is bound up with their welfare in a totally different

way from that in which church-revenues are associated with the general stability of property in Catholic countries. The Catholic clergy and religious bodies, by the simple fact of their celibacy, never can form a large and integral portion of the middle and upper classes like the Anglican clergy. Even in the wealthiest times of the Church, when mitres and abbeys were too often regarded as prizes by a sort of fitness belonging to the clerical members of great families,—even then there was a very large proportion of the clergy who had no ties of blood with the rich and powerful sections of the community. When, therefore, the nobility of the time united with the sovereign to plunder the Church of its possessions, they did not feel that while they took from the Church with one hand, they were robbing themselves with the other. But here in England there is hardly a family of respectability that does not look upon the Establishment as a means for supplying a respectable income, a gentlemanly position, for one or more of its kinsfolk. Whatever damages the Establishment, therefore, is a positive loss to all this immensely numerous class; whatever lowers its respectability, or detracts from its ancient reputation, or robs it of its revenues, is just so much personal injury to nearly the whole body of the English and Irish aristocracy and gentry, and to many of the mercantile and trading classes besides.

It is the overlooking these vast ramifications of the roots of the Establishment in English society which often leads Catholics into erroneous calculations as to its probable stability. We see the cry for church-reform, the coolness with which Parliament rearranges the ecclesiastical revenues, the meekness with which the clergy submit to the doctrinal dictations of temporal courts, and the ridicule cast on their pretensions to be successors of the Apostles by newspaper-writers; and from this we argue that the Establishment is losing its hold on the nation as an institution. Never was there a more illogical deduction. The British aristocracy, gentry, and commercial classes no more uphold the Established bishops as successors of the Apostles than we do. When a man like Henry of Exeter tries the game, with ever such cautiousness, he is forthwith laughed at for his impudence. And as for any pretensions made by the great body of the clergy to *teach* the educated classes of the community what is the undoubted word of God, with the authority of divinely-appointed ministers of *the* gospel,—such things may pass muster with a few female coterie here and there about the country, but they would be the mere jest of ninety-nine out of a hundred *men* of every respectable class.

When the laity cry out for, and carry forward "church-reform," they take the best possible care to preserve the church-possession to the Establishment itself; they are perfectly aware that they are merely rearranging their own property, and making their own servants do their work more properly and decently, so as to neutralise the efforts of Papists and Nonconformists by showing what a practical common-sense affair the Church of England is, after all. Logic and theology have nothing to do with the matter. The governing classes in this country want a good, useful, working institution, thoroughly respectable, knowing its own place, and keeping to its own business, and supplying *them* with some fifteen thousand good places, to be filled by members of their own families, as interest and luck may settle the prizes. We are sometimes simple enough to imagine that if the Maynooth grant were withdrawn, the English Parliament would upset the Irish Establishment, for the sake of consistency. Who ever heard of men giving up an immense number of good places, varying in value from one hundred to eight or ten thousand a-year, for the sake of logical consistency? What on earth do the upper and middle classes of this kingdom care for logical consistency? You might as reasonably expect a national revolution in favour of Mr. Jelinger Symons' crotchets about the moon. With logical consistency on one side, and an annual million sterling on the other, is it in man's nature to hesitate for the infinitesimally smallest fraction of a second? We may rest assured that if the Maynooth grant does go, there will be a year or two's grand hubbub on our part, in which we shall be backed up by the Parliamentary opposition for the time being, whichever political party it may be, and then all will subside again, and we shall be called impudent dogs if we continue to grumble.

We entreat our fellow-Catholics, then, in arranging their plans for upsetting church-establishments, not to suffer themselves to be misled by any superficial view of the facts of the case. Unless we comprehend, not only the theological weaknesses of Protestantism, but also the sources of its political strength, we shall do ourselves more harm than good by miscalculating the means necessary for reducing it to its proper level. It cannot be too urgently repeated, that the strength of Anglicanism, as established in England and Ireland, is *not* a theological and doctrinal strength; and moreover that it is *because* it is thus not theological and dogmatic, that it is so difficult to overthrow. The Establishment is strong, because it embodies just enough of the dogmatic and religious principle, and just enough of the Catholic system generally, to

appear an essentially religious institution, and to answer the purposes of the governing classes; and at the same time furnishes good worldly positions to an overwhelming majority of these same ruling castes.

To suppose, therefore, that the Establishment is to be overthrown by mere force of reasoning on logical, or theological, or moral grounds, is clearly absurd. The mass of mankind, rich and poor, English, Irish, and Continental, invariably act on grounds of personal and temporal interest. No man ever yet impoverished himself, except for motives to which nine persons out of ten are utterly insensible. Nothing will ever disendow Anglicanism in England or Ireland, but a sheer Parliamentary out-voting of its supporters. And this can never be looked for until in the House of Commons there is a *large* majority of men who have no personal or family interest in the loaves and fishes of the Establishment. A small majority would not suffice; for the Lords would never yield to any thing less than a majority so great and so determined as to terrify them into acquiescence. Such a popular commotion as that which carried Catholic emancipation would, of course, have its practical weight in this case; but such an agitation as that which carried emancipation would not really disendow Protestantism, because the Lords and Commons are personally far more deeply interested in the Establishment than they were in keeping a few Catholics out of Parliament. Many of the most determined of Protestants laughed at the fanaticism and bigotry of their fellow-religionists, and voted on our side. But a man does not laugh at fanaticism and bigotry when fanaticism and bigotry bring him in five hundred a-year. A family-living is an argument in favour of things as they are as cogent as the mathematical proof that there are two right angles in every triangle.

Practically, then, our conclusion is this: first, that there is no chance whatever of upsetting either the Irish or English Establishment at present; and as a corollary, that we must not waste our strength by expending it on agitations, which can only be desirable on the ground that they will soon succeed in their aim. And secondly, that the best thing that Catholics can do with a view to the future is, personally to take that place in the community which will enable them to come in and join the agitation, when the right hour is come, with efficient, nay, with overwhelming force.

To treat, however, these two conclusions a little more in detail. And first, as to the expediency of present political agitation. It may be taken as an undoubted axiom, that

every agitation which fails of attaining its end in a moderate space of time, so far injures the cause it is intended to serve. It emboldens its enemies, and it disheartens its supporters, while it distracts their attention from other and more practically important labours. This, however, is not the case with agitations which are intended to be preliminary, and to last probably a long time, possibly even to be handed on to another generation. These, indeed, can hardly be called agitations. They are conducted by a different sort of machinery; they aim at affecting, on the whole, a different class of people, and they appeal to a different set of motives and passions. They are instructive rather than exciting; they are occupied in informing friends, or people disposed to be friends, rather than in defying or terrifying foes. They do not call for any vast exertion of energy or strength, and can be taken up and laid down, and again taken up, just as opportunity offers, or leisure allows.

Thus keeping ourselves unhampered by any fierce and engrossing present political agitation, we shall have more leisure and energies to devote to the grand duty of strengthening ourselves. Shut out as we have been from those advantages which have made the ruling classes of the empire what they are, our truest wisdom, now that matters are changed, is to strain every nerve to place ourselves on an equality with the most highly favoured and the most efficiently disciplined. If we neglect this first of duties, we shall have little or no weight to throw into the scale when the time is really come for the death-struggle of Establishmentism; we shall no more be a body of vast social influence than we are now, when—whatever may be our deserts—our favour rather injures a cause than upholds it. As things are now, “the Catholic” opinion and action on affairs in general just go for nothing. There have been a few Irish members of Parliament who have had so many votes to bully or support a minister with, but of these the larger portion have been notoriously venal; and now that Mr. Lucas is dead, our representatives are nearly all nonentities or confessed “bores,” which is worse.

To suppose that these evils are to be remedied by talking and agitation, is pure nonsense. There is nothing for it but a vigorous and determined training of ourselves, both rich and poor, combined with a practical readiness to take our places personally in the social and political world as opportunities offer. We must, as the saying is, throw ourselves into our work with all our hearts, and force the world to see what we are by *being* all that we can be. So far as the notions of the

age are good, or even harmless, so far it is for us to accept, appropriate, and act upon them. If we choose to play the Quixote, and take ourselves to be medieval knights, commissioned to assault the whirling mill-sails of modern life, we shall share the fate of the poor Don, and be dashed sprawling on the ground, sorely bruised and utterly discomfited. What the English world is prepared to honour, let us honour, so long as it is allowable. In former days, people associated the ideas of secular splendour with lawful spiritual power. Now-a-days, they recall the poverty of the Apostles, and refuse obedience to those who do not practise the apostolic self-denial. But, at the same time, they connect intellectual cultivation, and all its kindred graces, with the idea of the sacred ministry. They cannot conceive a primitive bishop, living at Lambeth, with fifteen or twenty thousand a-year; but they are convinced that were Saint Paul now alive, he would be a very respectable mathematician, and hold sound views on draining, guano, and the steam-plough. At present, the English mind is filled with the most ridiculous notions about us and our creed. It holds us to be the enemies of freedom, of manliness, of openness, of honour, of industry, of enlightenment, of national prosperity; and on these grounds—far more than on abstract theological reasons—it sets itself to keep us down, and to permit us none of that equality in rivalry which it allows to every other class in the community. To destroy this hostility, it is of no avail to argue till we are hoarse on general grounds. It profits little to prove, that for all these blessings and virtues which the model Englishman so highly prizes he is really indebted to the Catholicism of the middle ages; that the seeds of this very freedom and civilisation were sown six hundred years ago; and that the immediate effect of the “Reformation” was just to throw back the progress of the country towards barbarism and slavery. The English mind has small taste for this sort of reasoning; it is untheoretical, unhistorical, and unscientific. It goes by what it sees, and has a profound suspicion of every thing that has not been tried by itself. It hardly believes in facts, unless they are the facts of to-day, and can be touched, seen, and examined, within the limits of the British isles. We cannot, accordingly, talk or write down the anti-Catholic prejudices of our neighbours. Our only way is, to live them down. We cannot point to Westminster and York Minster, and argue the question as to who *ought* to have them, and who would make the best use of them. They had rather see the noble aisles cold and desolate—and yet in the possession of an institution which they think respectable,

national, and on the whole, learned and intelligent—than turned to practical use by those whom they believe to be priest-ridden simpletons. “If your religion is what you pretend,” they say, “why are you not as a body equal to the highest and ablest in the kingdom? If your Jesuits and Benedictines have done such things for learning as you assert, where are their works, or the works of their pupils, now? If your fathers created our freedom, why are you not found carrying out the system they erected?” It avails nothing to answer these questions by pointing to past penal laws, and to present poverty and paucity of numbers. The Englishman to his other notions about Catholics adds the crowning delusion—that whatever they choose to do they can do. And so he answers his questions for himself, by imputing to us wilful ignorance, wilful slavishness, wilful superstition, and wilful laziness. And he will never accept any other answer, except palpable visible facts, forced on him by the acts of English and Irish Catholics—the living proofs of the erroneousness of his prejudices.

So far, then, as the actual destruction of the Establishment is concerned, we fear there is no hope of it at present. Nothing but an increase of political power in the hands of its enemies can overthrow it; and this increase can come only by so large an extension of the electoral suffrage as to imperil the existence of our whole political constitution, or by *our* gaining, through conversions and the general education of our entire body, such a position in the nation as may counterbalance the interest which the upper classes of society now have in maintaining the Establishment. While the electoral suffrage is, as now, confined to the wealthy and comfortable classes, the Establishment is safe. Dissent will never upset it, because Dissenters almost always join the Establishment when they get rich; or if they do not join it themselves, their children do. Besides this, they would, as a body, rather see the Establishment upheld than Catholicism benefited, unless the gain to themselves would be so great as to make them lose for a time their anti-Popish feelings. Moreover Dissent is now a losing speculation in the country. It has but flimsy theological convictions; its old anti-prelatic fury is marvellously soothed down; it coquets with Gothicism, chantings, and liturgies; its preachers love to look like Anglican clergymen; it aims at being intellectual, polished, gentlemanly; and thus is fast losing that peculiar anti-Anglican spirit which gave it its hold on the fanatical, the discontented, and the rude. To whatever extent it becomes more and more latitudinarian, just so far it sits

easier in the neighbourhood of its endowed rival. Latitudinarianism allows, on principle, astonishing lengths of casuistry in the way of signing articles and creeds without believing them in their grammatical meaning. If it was right in Saint Paul to use the current language of his day, they argue, when he meant something far more enlightened and philosophic, surely we may adopt his forms of speech in Anglican devotions and dogmatic statements, when our meaning is just what *we* say was Saint Paul's meaning. Thus argues modern Socinianism, or Germanism, or "largeness of view," or whatever else be its fashionable title. And thus will Latitudinarianism continue to spread, without damaging the Establishment any where but in its outworks. We Catholics alone can advance in social position, in education, in wealth, in numbers, and yet retain our conviction that the Establishment ought to be abolished for the glory of God and the good of men's souls. Let us, then, bide our time, watching and in patience. Perhaps the day may come, when we least expect it, for the actual attack, the bombardment, and the storming. But in the mean time, let us wisely and securely take up our position, fortify our camp, and train our troops; and then when the hour *is* come, there will be no fear of defeat; the persecutions of three centuries will be avenged, and we shall stand where only we desire to stand—on a footing of perfect equality with the sects that surround us in all their motley multitude.

A MORNING AT THE STAR-CHAMBER.

WE begin our series of records of the sufferings of the Catholics under the penal laws with the report of a trial in the Star-chamber, which originated in the alleged confession of Father Campian at the rack. It is said that the martyr, when stretched on the instrument of torture, trusting to the oath of the rackmasters that no evil should come to the parties named, confessed that he had been at the house of certain Catholics in the county of Northampton. It is further alleged that he afterwards reproached himself for his weakness, and wrote to a fellow-prisoner, Mr. Pound, that he had confessed only the names of the persons at whose houses he had been,

but not a word of their secrets. This letter (whether true or forged) was intercepted; and, together with the confession, became the ground of the following trial, so far as Lord Vaux, Sir Thomas Tresame, and Sir William Catesby are concerned. The other parties, the Gryffyths and Powdrel, were named with more circumstance in the alleged confession; and when taken up were found, by their own admission, to have really entertained Campian and his companions. They were then joined in one batch with the rest, that the direct proof in their case might serve to prejudice the case of the others, who seem to have been put down in the alleged confession simply because they were the chief recusant families of the county of Northampton, which Campian chiefly frequented. We ourselves have no hesitation in expressing our belief that the confession was a forgery, and known to be so by most of the judges; and that the denials of Lord Vaux, Tresame, and Catesby, were perfectly true. We found our opinion not only on the known characters of the parties, and the proofs which we hold of the perjury of the witnesses to the confession in other matters, but also on the deportment and characters of Sir Thomas Tresame and his companions, as well as on other grounds, which we hope to have an early opportunity of explaining more at length.

We hope that none of our readers will be frightened at the prolixity of the following report. Independently of the interest which every Catholic ought to feel in the details of the sufferings of the confessors of the faith, as Englishmen we ought to be proud of the noble stand which these accomplished gentlemen made for the dearest liberties of our country. The just reader will acknowledge that the services which are always attributed to such men as Hampden, were in reality performed before him by Tresame and his companions. They were not so happy as Hampden, in lighting the conflagration which destroyed the oppressor; but they have the greater merit of having suffered not only for religion, but also for the best rights of Englishmen, which they claimed with an amount of boldness and eloquence seldom to be found in defendants before such a dreaded tribunal as that of the Star-Chamber, and in such times of rampant injustice as the days of Queen Elizabeth.

At the Court of Starre-Chamber, Wednesday the
20th November 1581.*

Where were set in order the Lords Chancellor, Chamberlain,

* Harleian Ms. 859.

Leicester, Cromwell, Buckhurst, Hunsdon, Norrys; Sir Francis Knolls, Treasurer; Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Chief-Justice of England; the Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, and the Chief Baron.

The prisoners at the bar were Lord Vaux,* Sir Thos. Tresame,† Knt., Mr. Powdrell, Mrs. Gryffyth of Bucks, and her husband's brother, Mr. Ambrose Griffyth. All these came from the Fleet together, and were brought to the bar between nine and ten o'clock in the morning.

Sir Wm. Catesby,‡ Knt., was brought from the King's Bench; whose warning of coming thither was very late. The Lord Vaux and Sir T. Tresame had been heard before his coming to the Star-Chamber.

The queen's counsel was Popham, the attorney-general; Eger-ton, the solicitor; and Mr. Cenant, who spake nothing.

The attorney gave evidence against the prisoners, with a long exordium of the happy reign of the queen; showing what a malicious enemy the Pope was, who had stirred the rebellion§ in the north; who sent in the excommunication with Shelton;|| who sent in Maynie;¶ who stirred the late rebellion in Ireland;** and who now had sent in renegade Jesuits and seminary priests, the very seed of sedition. Among whom was one Campian,†† who had been received sundry times in the houses of Lord Vaux, Sir T. Tresame, Sir W. Catesby, Mr. Powdrell, and Mrs. Griffyth.

Then against Lord Vaux, Sir T. Tresame, and Sir W. Catesby, he further gave in evidence, that they, being examined thereof, did deny it; who, being required by the council to confirm it by an oath, refused it: who then charged them on their allegiance to swear, but they refused it. Whereupon he urged the contempt; but he neither produced for that warrant of law nor precedent.

* William, third Lord Vaux, of Harrowden, Northamptonshire, married to Mary, aunt of Sir T. Tresame. A most generous assister of priests, in spite of the persecution he endured on their account. *Ob.* 1595.

† Sir T. Tresame, of Rushton, Northamptonshire, born 1544; knighted by Queen Elizabeth, at Kenilworth. Confined for a long time for recusancy in Wisbeach Castle. In 1597 he had been already three times in custody. He was an accomplished scholar, and no contemptible architect. His son, Francis Tresham, joined in the Gunpowder Plot.

‡ Sir Wm. Catesby, of Ashby Leger, Northamptonshire, was brother-in-law of Sir Thos. Tresame, and father of Robert Catesby, the author of the Gunpowder Plot. He had a house in Southwark, where he hospitably entertained many of the persecuted Catholics. § 1569.

|| Felton, hanged for publishing the bull of S. Pius V., Aug. 8, 1570.

¶ Cuthbert Mayne, the proto-martyr of the Seminaries, suffered Nov. 29, 1577.

** The rebellion of Fitzmaurice and Desmond, 1579-80.

†† Campian, a gentleman of a Northamptonshire family, which furnished several incumbents to parishes in that county, both before and after the Reformation. He was originally a clergyman of the Establishment, of St. John's College, Oxford; and after his conversion, joined the Society of Jesus. He was enthusiastically admired by all persons that knew him, and finished a saintly life by a glorious martyrdom, Dec. 1, 1581, eleven days after this trial. (See Challoner's *Missionary Priests*, No. 5.)

Against Mr. Powdrell he urged, that he also, being by the council required to swear to certain articles, likewise refused to swear to the interrogatories, unless he might first see them.

Against Mrs. Griffyth and her brother, in that they, being examined before him, the said attorney, refused to swear.

The evidence read in that behalf was a confession of Mr. Campian's at the rack in August last, before the lieutenant of the Tower,* Norton,† and Hammon. The content whereof was that he had been at the house of Lord Vaux sundry times; at Sir T. Tresame's house; at Mr. Gryffyn's of Northampton, where also the Lady Tresame then was; and at the house of Sir W. Catesby, where Sir T. Tresame and his lady then were. Also at one time when he was at Lord Vaux's, he said that Lord Compton was there; but not mentioning conference with them, or the like.

Also to enforce this there was a letter produced, said to be intercepted, which Mr. Campian should seem to write to a fellow-prisoner of his, namely Mr. Pound; wherein he did take notice that by frailty he had confessed of some houses where he had been, which now he repented him, and desired Mr. Pound to beg him pardon of the Catholics therein, saying that in this he only rejoiced that he had discovered no things of secret.

Then the court demanded of the Lord Vaux what he could answer herein, and whether he confessed or denied this to be true which for the queen had been given in evidence against him.

Lord Vaux, making an humble and lowly obedience, offered to speak; but Lord Leicester (as it seemed), disliking of some want of duty or reverence therein, something said (as we guessed) touching the same to the lord chancellor.

Lord Chancellor. My lord, doth it become you so unreverently to presume to make answer with only bowing of your leg, in so high an offence as this is that you have committed against her majesty? No, it little beseemeth you, and greatly is to be disliked.

Lord Vaux. My lords all, if I have failed in any part of my duty, I humbly pray pardon; for I had intention not to offend therein (God is my judge). And the rather I hope you will pardon it in me, who through ignorance have committed this error, being erst never acquainted with the answering of any like cause in this or any other court. (All this he spake upon his knee; and so continued kneeling all the time of his answer, and so likewise the residue.)

Ld. Chan. Answer to the matter that her majesty's attorney hath charged you withal. Do you confess it or deny it?

* Sir Owen Hopton, a great persecutor of the Catholics; but who made much money out of them, by charging Government for their keep long after death had removed them from his custody.

† A miscreant who was M.P., and who drew up many of the bills against Catholics; but who got into prison in March, in the year 1582, for a libel against the Bishops of the Establishment. While in prison he wrote a letter to the lords of the council, in apology for his cruelty in torturing Campian and Briant, which we intend to publish as soon as we have an opportunity.

Ld. V. My lords, I acknowledge all to be true that I am charged withal concerning my refusal to swear, and withal do affirm my examination, taken before Sir Walter Mildmay, to be true; offering now, as always heretofore I have done, to depose to any interrogatories that concern my loyalty to her majesty, or duty to the State, requiring only to be exempted from deposing in matters of conscience, which, without offending of my conscience grievously, I may not consent to do: with further offer that if I be not a most true and faithful subject to her majesty, show me no favour, but cut me off forthwith; at whose commandment my goods, my lands, and my life ever hath been and ever shall be ready in all duty to be employed. And as to the receiving of Mr. Campian (albeit I confess he was schoolmaster to some of my boys), yet I deny that he was at my house. I say that he was not there to my knowledge; whereof reprove me, and let me be punished with the punishment I deserve.

Ld. Chan. You have denied it unsworn; why do you refuse to swear it? Nay, you were but required to say it upon your honour, and withal but to your knowledge; and favour you had also showed you, that Campian's examination in that point was read unto you, wherein he confessed to have been at your house.

Lord Vaux answers that a nobleman's affirmation on his honour is the same as an oath; and he refused it, for fear of its being impeached by untrue accusations.

Ld. Chan. You see he hath said herein what he can. You may proceed with Sir T. Tresame.

Ld. V. Thus much I humbly pray, that if I have committed any offence herein, you would not impute it to contemptuous obstinacy, but rather to fear of offending my conscience.

Ld. Chan. Sir T. Tresame, what say you to that which Mr. Attorney-General hath charged you withal; is it true or false?

Sir T. Tresame, making humble and low reverence to the court, kneeled down upon his knee, and made his defence as followeth:

Mr. Attorney, you have charged me generally with sundry times receiving of Mr. Campian. I pray you limit the times and place, that my answer may be particular and direct.

The attorney caused Mr. Campian's confession to be read in that behalf; which being finished, Sir T. T. answered:

Being hitherto brought unto this bar by order of this honourable court, necessity now forceth me to plead my own defence, since none other will, or may; who being wholly unfraught of skill or art, and wholly unexperienced to speak before so honourable and great an assembly, and never practised heretofore to make answer in the like cause, and withal meanly—yea, too too meanly—indebted to nature for her gifts, even which I find to be marvellously impaired with my now many months' imprisonment; which being mere contrary to my ever heretofore liberty at large, hath wrought no small alteration in me; wherefore I am in all humility and duty most humbly to beseech your honours that if any thing escape me

which beseemeth me not, that in respect of my more than many aforesaid defects, your good lordships, of your great benignity, will pardon the same in me, or else give me leave to expound myself, who hath intention to satisfy, and in no wise further to move offence unto you, right lowly beseeching you to carry in memory what St. Augustine saith: *Linguam ream non facit nisi mens rea*—which I protest is not in me.

Mr. Attorney, you have with great skill inferred my offence, wherein if I were faulty in the same nature and form as you have charged me, worthily I ought to be punished; but I doubt not but to make it otherwise to appear. A great part of your speech concerneth me not; wherefore I will answer to those points which chiefly do concern myself, wherein I have to make answer only to two points: the one for the receiving of Mr. Campian in such sort as you have charged me; the other in contemptuously refusing to swear.

These being the several parts whereto I should answer, whether is it your lordships' pleasure that I shall answer to one or both? being ready to yield you sufficient answer to them both; for he who hath innocency for his advocate can never be taken unprovided.

Upon this demand, Lord Leicester moved towards the lord chancellor, and so likewise the attorney; whereupon presently the chancellor commanded Sir T. Tresame to speak to the contempt only.

Sir T. T. Then I trust I am acquitted of the receiving of Mr. Campian, wherewith I was charged by Mr. Attorney, in that I have denied it, and am ready to yield proof thereof; and that your lordships will not have me to answer thereto, but to the contempt only. Wherein I being delivered of the principal and original supposed offence, I make no question but my offence then in not swearing will greatly be extenuated, if not wholly avoided; for hardly—nay, impossibility—may that which is framed upon the foundation stand, when the foundation itself is removed and taken away from it. Wherefore (under correction of the court) I take the offence to be either nothing or else very little, if I refuse to swear to discover the thing that is of itself no offence at all.

But before I enter to answer of the contempt, may it please you to grant me, that whatsoever I shall be necessarily occasioned to plead in my defence, that you will not deem it in me presumption or arrogance that I intend thereby to persuade the court to be of my mind and opinion; but to make manifest only that I have not persevered of any obstinate undutifulness, but induced thereto by great reason and authority, seeming in my weak opinion unanswerable; wherein if I have failed, I humbly pray to be reduced forth of my errors by your singular knowledge and deep judgment, and then shall I be most ready to accept of that oath which now in no respect I may. And for my warrant herein (under your correction I say it) I have the express word of God not to be controlled, the opposition of the received doctors of the Church not to be denied,

the practice of the primitive Church when she was in most purity, by examples of glorious martyrs to us faithfully testified, and by probable reason not to be gainsaid; the one inhibiting me upon pain of present worldly shame, the other upon peril of future eternal damnation, which be two principal inhibitions to any honest Christian.

And inasmuch as all laws ought to be guided by God's law, and all our actions ought to take their directions thence, I will begin with my warrant out of God's word, which if I shall sufficiently prove, I shall trouble you the less, and shall not need to travel for further proof in any of the other authorities, the same of itself being most sufficient to free me from all suspect of contempt. My contempt consisteth in refusing to swear whether Mr. Campian, a Jesuit, was in my house, did say Mass, or preach there, who were present thereat, and such-like; all which tendeth to the discovery of the practice of a religion which is not warrantable in this State, and which by the laws now in force is penal. In this case, I said, even if I were faulty (as I protest I am most faultless), yet I might not accuse unsworn; *à fortiori* not swear therein; *nam qui jurat aliquid illicitum cum animo faciendi bis peccat*. Wherefore I make no question but that it is unlawful in this case to accuse, and more unlawful to swear. And because an oath herein is demanded of me, I first will seek what is an oath, and what is incident and proper to an oath; each of which being indifferently considered, it shall manifestly appear that to refuse to swear herein is no contempt at all.

St. Augustine, treating *de verbis Apostoli, Ante omnia nolite jurare*, proposeth this question now in hand; and also answereth himself, *Quid est juramentum nisi jus reddere Deo quando per Deum juras?* If, then, I am bound by my oath *jus reddere Deo*, I must heedfully foresee that with circumspection I do not the thing not lawful or inconvenient to be done; for such things be not due to God. And in the 4th of Jeremias we plainly are taught what is incident to an oath, without which no oath ought to be taken. The words be, *Et jurabis, dicit Dominus, in veritate, justitiâ et judicio*. The exposition whereof very briefly, but withal most pithily, the schoolmen do signify: *Judicio caret juramentum incautum: veritate mendax; justitiâ iniquum et illicitum*.

If, then, we be taught by God's word, that of necessity those three, viz. Truth, Justice, and Judgment, must all concur in an oath, which reason also teacheth us that they ought; and if this exposition of the learned schoolmen and deep divines be not denied, which is that an indiscreet oath wanteth judgment, a false oath wanteth truth, and an unlawful and unrighteous oath wanteth justice, and that without them no oath is to be accepted,—then, in this my present case, suffer me to lay open to this court, that not one but sundry of these three principles and maxims incident to an oath be wanting; that is, both *judicium* and *justitia*; either of which is sufficient to free me from my accused contempt. Wherefore, as they be placed in the words of the prophet so do I begin my defence with them. Therefore first to *judicium*, which I will but briefly

touch, relying especially to prove it *illicitum et contra justitiam*, which when I descend unto I doubt not but to make most evident.

Judicium is requisite in an oath; and an unadvised or improvident oath doth want judgment, which of necessity must be wanting if I depose herein. For if I swear falsely, I am perjured; if by my oath I accuse myself, I am condemned to the penalty of the law and displeasure of my prince, which is contrary to the law of nature *seipsum perdere*; if I swear truly, then I lay myself wide open to perjury, because Mr. Campian hath oppositely accused me in the affirmative; lastly, if I swear as he hath confessed, I thereby should record myself before no meaner witnesses than your honours to be an egregious liar, to affirm one thing before you unsworn, and by oath before you to swear the contrary. Secondly, I should greatly sin uncharitably to belie him, to make him and myself both guilty by my oath, who to my knowledge are most innocent,* which I am by God's word expressly forbidden. Lastly, I should commit a grievous sin, to swear against the knowledge of my own conscience, wherein *perhiberem meæ conscientia falsum testimonium*.

Thus being plunged in this peril, which by no means I may escape, I then humbly pray judgment of the court whether I should not want judgment indiscreetly to depose herein; which if it be wanting, as doubtless it is, then am I by the authority of this holy prophet not to be condemned, but to be commended in not swearing, for to swear when *judicium* is wanting is forbidden: *non tentabis Dominum Deum tuum*.

Mr. Attorney. My lords: it appeareth that Sir Thomas Tresham, upon the excommunication of the Pope, doth not hold you lawful judges, and therefore you want *judicium* in ministering of an oath; and I know it to be true that by a book which I have seen (which is common amongst the Papists), the Pope hath forbidden to swear *quousque*; and this is his reason of refusal to swear, and the daily practice of this court is, if one refuse to swear, he is punished by the court for the contempt.

Ld. Chan. Sir Thomas, herein wanteth not *judicium*, which is requisite in an oath, when we authorised magistrates do offer you an oath, which in duty you are to swear unto.

Sir T. T. Mr. Attorney, you do me wrong; you reason *ex falsa hypothesisi*. I derive no argument from any excommunication; neither do I say, or give you occasion to say, that I hold not your honours lawful magistrates to administer an oath; but it pleaseth you to suppose so, and then to make answer to your own supposition; but to my argument you have answered nothing, for if you understand me, I reason only that *judicium* is wanting in me and not wholly in them, if I should swear herein, which still I affirm. And as for your book and *quousque*, I protest I never heard of any such; or, if I had, what had it been to the purpose, when I take my original and ground simply forth of the Scripture; and as to your precedent, it maketh

* Sir T. T. seems here to hint his suspicions of the alleged confession being a forgery.

with me and not against me, for in that case ——. [Here he was interrupted.]

Mr. Solicitor. I will prove to you directly, that in this oath is *judicium, veritas et justitia*; and thus I prove it. The magistrates have lawful authority to minister an oath to you; and they tender it you *in judicio*, and therefore also *in veritate et justitia*.

Sir T. T. Sir, I grant that these magistrates be lawful magistrates, and therefore may tender an oath; but in this I said I ought not to depose, because *judicium* should be wanting in me, in whom it specially ought to be in; for though it ought to be in both, yet principally it ought to be in the party deposed, for the magistrate cannot be perjured in ministering of the oath, but he only who deposeth. Therefore chiefly it behoveth him to see that *judicium jurantis* be not wanting, which the express words of Scripture do teach, saying, *Et jurabis*, &c., speaking to him that is to take the oath, and not to him that ministereth it; wherefore I still affirm that *in judicio*, which in this place is discretion, I cannot take this oath, and therefore I ought not.

Sir Walter Mildmay. Sir T. T., I then perceive that you think it as needful to have *judicium jurantis* in an oath as to have *judicium* in the magistrate.

Sir T. T. Yea, sir; and I think it much more needful in that party than in the magistrates; for it concerneth him most, who may take most detriment by it, which is the party to be deposed.

Sir Walter Mildmay. By this argument, then, every deponent may refuse if he see *judicium* to be wanting in the things he should depose unto.

Sir T. T. In every such case I make no question but the party to be deposed doth better to refuse to swear, yea though he refuse to swear when in true judgment he ought to swear; for in refusing to swear in such a case as is a mere temporal demand, is but a temporal contempt; but to swear to such a lawful act against the judgment of his conscience is unlawful and a great sin, and hereof divines make no doubt.

Ld. Chan. If your lordships think good, I would minister an oath to him by what means he cometh to these instructions out of the doctors; and I hold it requisite to tender him an oath herein.

Sir T. T. With good will, if it please your honours; but that shall not need; for the same parties that instructed me be still in my study; which is the Bible, St. Augustine, Soto *de jure et justitia*, and Naner in his cases of conscience, and the *Summa* of St. Thomas: let them be perused, and the notes on those places with my own hand will manifest whence I had them.

Ld. Hunsdon. You have greatly deceived me; I had thought you had not been so well studied in divinity as it now seemeth you are.

Sir T. T. My study is little; yet the most time I employed in study is in divinity, and very little had I profited if in so clear a case as this I could not have avouched express authority to prove this no contempt in refusing to swear.

Ld. Chan. Why, then, you will swear to nothing, or but to what you list; this smelleth somewhat of the Anabaptistical opinion.

Sir T. T. There is none in this great assembly more free from that detestable opinion than I am; for I know the Scripture, both in the Old and New Testaments. *Juravit Dominus, et non pœnitebit eum, &c. Per meipsum jūro, dicit Dominus. Per gloriam vestram, fratres, quotidie morior. Deum invoco super animam meam, &c.* Also the place of Jeremias, by me avouched, doth testify no less: *Et jurabis, &c.* saith the prophet; that is, not “thou shalt not swear,” but “thou shalt swear,” with this limitation, so it be in verity, discretion, and justice. And to free me from all such suspect, I appeal to my Lord of Leicester, to whom, with my lord chamberlain, and my lord treasurer, now absent (who were the three that committed me), I did send sundry articles, whereto I offered to depose, which I beseech you to produce to the court, because I wrote them only to you three, and here I have now many more judges, who, it seemeth, did never see them, and do condemn me deeply in that I will not swear at all (which is very untrue), whom it behoveth me also to satisfy therein now, as you then.

Ld. Leicester. Sir T. T., you were not best to have them showed; for I promise your lordships they will make most against him.

Sir T. T. My good lord, I beseech you, notwithstanding that, to show them to the court; for I am the man that did write them, that did send them, that did premeditatedly deliberate upon them, that still do justify them; and I am he who, if I therein have erred, must bear the blame of them. Therefore I humbly pray this justice of both your honours, to whom I did write them.

Ld. Chamberlain. (I was somewhat far off from my lord chamberlain; but I take it he said that indeed he heard of sundry articles, but did never see them.)

Ld. Leicester. I confess you did set down sundry articles whereto you offered to depose, but that was in effect to nothing; and as for those articles, I assure your lordships I have them not here, otherwise I willingly would produce them in court.

Sir T. T. By your lordship's favour, I pray to put you in remembrance of them, which I know to be far otherwise; for therein I offer not in effect to swear to nothing, but almost to every thing. I offer to depose to any thing concerning my loyalty to her majesty, and to any matter of state whatsoever, and not only what my actions and speeches therein have been, but also with what intention I have done them. And furthermore, what even my thoughts have been of any acts past, present, or in future time to be done by me, as more at large in those articles most manifestly appeareth, wherein I am so far from swearing nothing in effect, that I dare to say that hitherto never subject during her majesty's reign did at any time depose to the like or so largely. And because my lord saith he hath not them present, and that it behoveth me to satisfy the court herein, I humbly pray license of the court that this, a true copy thereof, may publicly be read in the court.

Ld. Leicester. It is very true that his articles be to that effect ; but in his conclusion of them, he doth affirmatively put down his resolution that he will accuse no Catholic in cases of conscience.

Ld. Hunsdon. Then now you are contented to swear, I perceive. Why would you not before ?

Sir Francis Knolls. Your swearing now, I can tell you, will not avoid the contempt ; albeit it is better for you to yield than persevere.

Sir T. T. I am ready now to depose as much as I then offered, and then as now ; which is briefly, as Lord Leicester signified, to all things of allegiance and state ; but not to accuse any Catholic in cases of conscience only, which I still affirm, and which more particularly and fully appear in these articles, which I pray may be read in the court.

Ld. Chan. You that are so full of Scripture, do not you know that the Scripture commandeth you to be obedient to your superiors ? which it seemeth you little do understand.

Sir T. T. My good lord, I know it right well, and hold it a strict commandment for me dutifully to obey and religiously to observe ; yet your lordship knoweth that some things be proper to God, others to Cæsar, which we may not confound ; but in this, it being no mere temporal demand, but a matter in conscience, and thereby concerning my soul, I mean to have such special regard thereto in this my oath before you, as I may be able to make my account before Almighty God at the dreadful day of judgment.

Ld. Hunsdon. If it please your honours to call to remembrance, Sir Thomas Tresham yielded a reason even now why he might not swear ; for he said if he did swear falsely he should be perjured, and therein indeed he said very truly ; and so it seemeth to me that he fully hath satisfied the court why he will not swear.

Sir T. T. It is very true that I said if I did swear falsely I should be perjured ; but that I said that was my reason why I would not swear, I utterly deny ; for had you remembered the words and reason immediately following, I had left you small scope to play upon me. For, may it please your honour and your honours all, at that time when I yielded sundry instances to prove that I could not *in judicio* take this oath, I propounded, if I did swear falsely I were perjured ; and if I did swear truly, I should lay myself wide open to perjury, because Mr. Campian had affirmatively accused me ; and if I did accuse myself by mine own oath, I should condemn myself against the law of nature and God's law ; lastly, if I should swear as Mr. Campian had said, wrongfully I should accuse him and myself both, also record myself before you to be an egregious liar ; and above all, in so swearing, *perhiberem meæ conscientiæ falsum testimonium*, which is a great sin ; which, then, I trust, without offence, I may boldly affirm, that my reason why I refuse to swear is not for fear of perjury in false forswearing, but that I cannot in this labyrinth swear, but fall into one of the perils and inconveniences aforesaid, which if it may not be eschewed, then can there not be *judicium*

jurantis in me; and therefore, by the authority of the prophet, I ought not to swear in this point.

Ld. Chan. You argue ignorantly, and it seemeth you are taught a lesson; but you have not well carried it away. How can you lay yourself open to perjury, when Campian is not deposed? will not your oath be always of more validity than Campian's accusation? Your speech is herein to little purpose.

Sir T. T. Under the correction of the court, I suppose I have reason to say that if I should swear contrary to Mr. Campian's testimony, I should offer myself to the peril of perjury, were my oath most true. And that is most evident—which lesson I have learned of reason only. That Mr. Campian hath not made his accusation by oath is more than I erst heard; for I hear nothing of him (myself being close prisoner) but what I hear reported by you. Notwithstanding it is not unlikely but that you would have had him testify by oath, seeing you will not be satisfied with my confession, nor my betters, but by oath. Wherefore I have reason to think he was deposed, and accordingly to misdoubt the inconvenience that thereby might grow to me. But admit that he be not yet deposed, it is to be thought that he will testify this his accusation when time shall serve by oath, as well as in this sort to confess it and to accuse me. Well, take it in the weakest sort that may be, and it shall be always a most strong evidence against me to haste me to the pillory, there infamously to lose my ears; for if I swear to the contrary, my deposition is of record, so likewise is his accusation. Mine is but a bare negative; and in these cases a man cannot purge himself by his own oath. Every offender will say no; and therefore that is no proof, nor yet worthy of much credit. But on the contrary part, the proof lieth directly, as he sweareth affirmatively that he was in my house, that he lay in my house, and in what chamber of my house; and had talk with me, and what talk, and such-like. In this case (I say), suppose that he neither sweareth, nor is present to testify it, nor hath none else that will concur in testimony with him; yet inasmuch as the same is for the queen, and against me, a disgraced person, with many enforcements which by men of skill may be urged, as not likely that a man of so great expectation and learning would come so many miles to my house, and would not discover himself to me being a Catholic, and especially he being a priest would not wrongfully accuse a Catholic, with such-like;—in this case, I say, what jury—nay what most indifferent jury—would not condemn me to be falsely perjured? Which evidence seemeth potent with you, that you deem his testimony true and mine false. Wherefore I think I have great reason to say as I already have alleged, and to eschew by all means possible so apparent and prepared a ruin of my credit and loss of my ears. Which reason of mine not only soundeth probable (I hope) in the ears of all your honours, but also of this great assembly here present. Wherein I should greatly want *judicium* to swear, if I had no other point to stand on but only this. There having been sundry other

also by me probably alleged, and namely that this is [not] a mere temporal demand, but a case of conscience, therefore it is against *judicium* to swear herein.

Ld. Chan. To yield account by your oath whether that Campian was at your house is a civil cause, and you forget yourself too much to refuse to swear thereto.

Sir T. T. Under your lordship's favour, I deny this to be a mere temporal demand; for I was examined whether Mr. Campian was at my house, whether he said Mass, and such-like; only inquiring after causes of religion, and never of causes of state, or mere temporal demands, unto which I never refused to depose, nor yet do.

Ld. Leicester. We examined you only whether Campian was at your house, and because you denied it, we proceeded no further with you; therefore you cannot plead for yourself what we in your opinion would have demanded of you; therefore this is but a shift.

Sir T. T. My lord, if it be a shift, it is a true shift, and that shall I duly prove sundry ways; witnesseth first Sir Walter Mildmay, in my first examination before him, by virtue of the council's letters.

Sir Walter Mildmay. I did not examine you whether Campian did say Mass, or preach, or such-like, because you denied he was at your house, which first I should have known.

Sir T. T. Sir, may it please you to call to remembrance that I was examined upon seven articles, which you showed me, and your warrant for them from the council; among which principally I should have answered unto matters of religion and conscience, and nothing of state at all; and among other this general article was one, what Masses I had heard any priest to say, or by report did hear any to have said; whereto I answered: and I think you will grant that if I had confessed his being in my house, you would then particularly have demanded what Masses and such-like I had heard him say, for so were your instructions which I did see. Also, since my coming to prison, I sending to the court to know to what articles I should depose, answer was returned me from some of her majesty's council, only to swear whether Mr. Campian was at my house, whether he preached and said Mass, and who were present thereat. Also, since my coming to the bar, it was my position at the first, whereupon I framed my defence, which till now was not denied. Lastly, I see that one of my fellows at the bar, which confessed his being at his house, was also examined only whether he said Mass, preached, and such-like, and who was thereat present. Wherefore it cannot be denied that this is no mere temporal demand, but only a case of conscience, which being granted, I ought not to depose herein.

Ld. Leicester. Is it not only a civil cause to ask for Campian? What if it be added also whether he said Mass; what religion is in this case?

Sir T. T. Your question, as your honour avoucheth it, is no mere civil cause, because the principal thing you inquire is whether, according to his vocation, he hath practised a religion not warrantable by our present laws. And, my lord, what you make of a Mass

I know not, but I never heard it accounted of any but a mystery in religion, which being annexed to the inquiry of Mr. Campian, most plainly maketh the difference between a temporal demand and this case; which being, then, a cause of conscience, I offer myself to be judged of any divine, old or new, Catholic or Protestant—I refuse none—whether I ought to swear herein; and so far as they shall yield that by God's law I ought, so far I will depose.

Ld. Chan. My lords, I would willingly (if you so think good) minister an oath to him here in court, how he cometh by these instructions in divinity; for it were not well he should pass away in this sort.

Sir T. T. My good lords, I am right sorrowful that necessity forcing me to make my defence, and having yet scant touched the same, that in so little saying I should so much offend you; wherefore I, perceiving that in that which I have to say I should offend more, I will forbear to proceed to prove it *illicitum*, and therefore *contra justitiam* (whereof I have invincible proofs). And so in silence do refer the same to the consideration of this honourable court, being prepared with obedient patience contentedly to endure what herein shall be imposed upon me.

This ended, Sir T. Tresame, all this time kneeling, did rise up, making a lowly and humble obeisance to the court.

Ld. Chan. Mr. Powdrell, what do you answer hereto; do you confess it in the same sort as you are charged, or no?

Mr. Powdrell. My lords, I deny that part of Lord Shrewsbury's testimony of my confession, wherein he saith I came to the latter ending of the Mass; for I neither did so, neither did I say so. Also the day of the receiving of Mr. Campian into my house is not set down as in truth it was; for it was the 8th of January, which was four days before that day which is set down in Lord Shrewsbury's certificate. But that I have received Mr. Campian, I have confessed it; and I hope I have not offended therein, for bestowing a night's lodging on him who sometime did read to me in the university, and by whom I did never know evil.

Ld. Leicester. Your lordships may see how bold he is to deny that which Lord Shrewsbury himself hath testified under his own hand; and that he came to the latter ending of Mass—to the kissing of the pax; which I am sure you thought worth the kissing.

Mr. P. May it please your honours, I must deny it, because it is untrue. If I had done it, I would have confessed it; but this was the confession of Mr. Sacheverell, and not of me.

Mr. Attorney. For the difference of the days, that you did take exception unto, it altereth not the case.

Mr. P. Thus much it changeth the case, that I say it was done two days before the proclamation of Mr. Campian; and by that certificate it should be two days after the proclamation when Mr. Campian came to my house.

Ld. Chan. What say you to your refusing to swear; can you deny it, I did offer the oath to you?

Mr. P. I confess your honour did so; to whom I answered, that I would not depose unless I might first see the interrogatories whereto I should swear.

Ld. Chan. At that time I declared unto you that you should answer to nothing but to such as concerned her majesty.

Mr. Attorney. Your lordships see that he confesseth that he refused to swear unless he might first see the interrogatories wherewith he is charged. If it please you, I will proceed to another of the prisoners, Mrs. Gryffyth. This gentlewoman hath been a great receiver of Campian and Parsons, and many the like, as one of her husband's brothers hath confessed, sometimes by the names of Foster, Colt, &c.; and this as well before the proclamation as after. And thither were they brought by one Morryce, sometime a school-master, a common conductor of such. This gentlewoman, being examined before me, refused to answer upon her oath.

Ld. Chan. What say you to this? Why did you refuse to swear?

Mrs. Gryffyth. My lords, an oath is a thing of great importance, and I do not know the danger thereof; therefore, as one scrupulous in conscience, and being afraid to swear for offending of my conscience, indeed I refused to swear, which I acknowledge.

Mr. Attorney. My lords, this gentlewoman's house hath been the ordinary house to receive them and such-like; and I have heard that it is rare to find such a house for that purpose. It standeth absent from other houses; there is a wood of a mile long adjoining to it, and it is moated about, and yet sundry secret ways to escape out, as Mr. Blunt, that standeth thereby, can inform you.

By this time was Sir W. Catesby brought in from the King's Bench, to whom was read the accusation of Mr. Campian upon the rack, and his letters intercepted being sent to Mr. Powne; and who was then charged with refusal of deposing; and being demanded whether he would confess or deny it, he answered:

My lords, true it is that I have denied that Mr. Campian was at my house to my knowledge; either that he was there by that name, or that, coming by other names, I did know him to be Campian, which still I justify. And where I am charged with refusing to swear, I confess it; wherein of no disloyalty or fraudulency, as being faulty of any criminal cause, I so refused to swear, but for fear of more peril that might pass thereby to me than (in my mean discretion) good would come to her majesty or to this state. Which is in offering myself wittingly, and yet falsely, to be convicted of perjury, because you signified to me that Campian had affirmatively accused me; but otherwise to swear to my allegiance, or to any thing concerning her majesty or estate, or any other thing whatsoever, other than to discover matters of conscience, which I may not do without offence of my conscience; thereof I pray only to be exempt from swearing, and from none else, which always in all duty and obedience I have offered, and here now in court again do; for I desire not to live longer than that I remain an honest and faithful

subject. In which denial of swearing, if I have offended, I pray pardon thereof, having faithfully showed my reason thereof.

Ld. Hunsdon. Your lordships may see that this man hath been in another prison, yet both he and Sir T. Tresame tell one tale; you may perceive thereby that they have had both one schoolmaster.

Sir W. Catesby. I grant as much as your lordship hath said; for I assuredly hope, however we be disjoined, that we have ever one schoolmaster, that is God, who teacheth us to speak truth.

Mr. Attorney. Your lordships do see that he confesseth the refusing to swear, and you have heard his allegation. An' it please your honours, now having heard all the prisoners, I will make brief repetition thereof.

Sir Walter Mildmay. Yet you want one Ambrose Gryffyth; where is he?

Mr. Attorney. Your honour doth say true. His brother, being examined before me the last day, confessed that this Ambrose hath been present at his brother's house sundry times when Campian and Parsons and such-like have been there. Whereof I, intending to examine him, tendered him an oath; and he refused to swear, which I think he will not deny.

Ambrose Gryffyth. My lords, I am a student in Lincoln's Inn, and but seldom repaired to my brother's house; so that what was done there I little know, neither have I to meddle therewith; but as to the refusing to swear, I confess it, for I will not offend my conscience.

Ld. Chan. You have heard what they can say; we may proceed to judgment.

Sir T. T. This only I would note to your honours, that at that time I was at Leicester House, when I am charged to have contemptuously refused to swear, I then made petition to you both, that in case I might see Mr. Campian, or hear him speak, where by his speech or face I might call him to remembrance, I then offered to depose, if I could call him to memory.

Ld. Chan. You wanted discretion to make such a demand; and it was only a delaying of time, for you were to answer only to your knowledge.

Sir T. T. By your favour, I was specially induced so to do; for as I had desire to satisfy you, so was I unwilling to minister foul blot of perjury. If by seeing him I could call to memory that he had been at my house, then would I have deposed according to Mr. Campian's examination, whereby I should have avoided all scruple of perjury. For this Mr. Campian and I were never of much familiarity, so that in thirteen years' space he might grow out of my knowledge. Who never saw him in the university but once, before his departure beyond the seas. Who, as your lordship did say, stayed little with me, came much disguised in apparel, and altering his name. All which made me refuse to swear to my knowledge, lest haply he might have been in my house, and in my company both, I not knowing him; and yet that the same should be

referred to a jury, who sometimes participate of affection or ignorance to judge, whether I be perjured or no. Wherefore (as I have said) my desire was that by means of seeing him or hearing him that I the better might remember him, which haply would have procured the full satisfying of you.

Ld. Chan. I can see no reason why it should be granted you.

Sir T. T. I now find mine own wants apparently, in that all seemeth unreasonable to your honours that I held for assured and grounded reason; and that the same doth aggravate my offence, which I thought would have freed me of this my fault; whereat I must needs sorrow, and learn to hold silence.

Then beginneth the attorney to make a brief repetition of the evidence; and so the court proceeded to judgment.

Sir W. Mildmay. His speech was first in extolling her majesty for her happy government, and planting of the true religion. Then what a malicious enemy the Pope hath been to her majesty; reciting that the rebellion in the north was produced by him; the rebellion in Ireland of Fitzmorrys, and the residue; the procuring thither of Spaniards to invade the realm. And lastly, that he hath sent in a rabble of seminary men and runagate freers, who call themselves Jesuits (amongst which one Campian) to sow sedition and subvert the true doctrine, and thereby to withdraw the obedience and hearts of her majesty's subjects from her, under colour of preaching the Catholic doctrine; who there, making definition of Catholic, proved by the property of the word that it could not be Rome only; and therefore they had not the true Catholic religion among them. Then he generally made show of the shires where Campian made his peregrination, nominating Northamptonshire, where he came to the houses of these prisoners at the bar; and lastly unto Berkshire, where he was apprehended, declaring that like a trusty officer he faithfully and diligently, and withal discreetly and shrewdly, performed what he had in charge; not tarrying long in a place, and shrouding himself most commonly in houses of best worship; in whom he thought great boast of learning was supposed to be, yet could he see no learning in him, but only brag of learning and vanity.

Then he showed his coming to the houses of the prisoners, viz. the Lord Vaux, Sir T. Tresame, and Sir W. Catesby, all faulty in one predicament, that had received him, and being examined thereof, did deny it; who being demanded upon oath and allegiance, and required by the council to swear it, have refused it. And albeit that Sir T. Tresame hath pleaded his defence by warrant of God's word and authority of the doctors why he refused to swear; but I know (saith he) the gentleman to be so honest (setting his religion apart), that I certainly persuade myself that this is no piece of his conscience, which being indeed a deep point of divinity, wherein I will not give my censure, but refer the same to the learned schoolmen in divinity; yet I am of opinion that we may as well proceed against him as the rest. First, I think them worthy that they should

return to their prisons from whence they now came, and there to abide till they have conformed themselves to swear herein.

Also that they should be punished with pecuniary pain, wherein I think it requisite that the Lord Vaux shall pay 1000*l.*, Sir T. Tressame and Sir W. Catesby each of them 1000 marks apiece, and Mrs. Gryffyth and Ambrose Gryffyth 500 marks apiece. And for Mr. Powdrell, inasmuch as he confessed the receiving of Campian, and that his refusal to swear was only because he might not first see the interrogatories, I could wish his fine to be the less; wherefore I think 500 marks sufficient for him.

Sir Roger Manwood, the Lord Chief-Baron. He sought to urge it to proceed from malice, and not ignorance or zeal; alleging that all the prisoners at the bar, at the altering of religion, were not of years to judge of or know the old religion; and that though the law did forbid a man to accuse himself, where he was to lose life or limb, yet in this case it was not so. But he avouched no authority for it. Then, lastly, he urged that this was a great matter of State; wherefore for the punishment he liked it well, so the fines had been greater; for he supposed that this was not passing one year's revenue, which at least would have been double. Yet he concluded that because Sir W. Mildmay had begun before him he would not alter it.

Sir James Dier, Lord Chief-Justice of Common Pleas. He began by saying that in case where a man might lose life or limb, the law compelled not the party to swear; and avouched this place: *Nemo tenetur seipsum perdere*. Afterwards he produced two precedents in law; the one the statute of hunting, whereby it is made felony if upon his oath he answered not the whole truth. Also he alleged a precedent of a riot in burning of a frame, which was brought into the Star-Chamber in Lord Audley's time, where the party was punished; but what it was he mentioned not, neither could the court then produce the record. Lastly, he urged it to be a great matter of state, and so concluded with the punishment that Sir W. Mildmay first had set down.

Sir Christopher Wraye, Lord Chief-Justice of England. He also began with the Lord Chief-Baron's original: that no man by law ought to swear to accuse himself where he might lose life or limb; but that he was of opinion that they ought in this case to swear; and avouched the practice of his court, that usually they did swear men to give evidence between party and party, and therefore, *à fortiori*, where the queen is a party. And as for the fines, he would not alter them, because so many had passed before him; but he thought them very small in so great a case of state and importance as this was, when he usually doth, upon a juror's not appearing before him, tax him at one year's fine. And for the taxing and levying of these fines, it is lawful; for the law is, where a bishop doth refuse to admit a clerk upon the queen's writ, in that case his temporalities shall be seized into the queen's hands till she hath levied such fine as shall be taxed upon him.

Sir Francis Knolls. The matter had been so sufficiently touched

by them that have spoken before, that they have prevented him much of that which he had to say. He protested that he bare no malice to the parties, for that they never deserved evil of him; yet inasmuch as it concerned her majesty and the state, he in conscience was bound to speak thereto; in fine, he made it participating of treason, and little differing from treason. Lastly, he briefly spake to Sir T. Tresame's argument, saying that he had been bred up in Popery, and also had the experience of the persecution in Queen Mary's time; and he was sure that in all that time they knew no such evasion for an oath as school-divinity. And therefore he wondered how Sir T. Tresame had stumbled upon it; manifesting that he never held Sir T. Tresame for so well learned in divinity before that day. And as for the fine, he agreed with the residue that went before him, signifying that if any had increased it higher, it should have had his consent.

Ld. Norrys. He framed his speech very brief, signifying that he had thought that this realm could not afford any so undutiful a subject, that, considering her majesty's government, would have received Campian; but to see such of such calling as were the prisoners at the bar, that would not only receive him, but contemptuously refuse to swear, it was far beyond his imagination to think any so ungrateful and faithless subjects had been to be found. Therefore he spake to the increasing of the fines, earnestly requiring that so it might be.

Ld. Hunsdon. He agreed in opinion with them all going before him, declaring that he verily believed that Campian was at their houses; and that he held it to be a very disloyal fact to refuse to swear in a case of so great importance and state as that was. Yet in this he notably differed from them all that went before him, that he would have had Sir T. Tresame to be fined at the least at 3000*l.*, because Sir T. Tresame committed a greater offence in making of his public defence in court than he did erst in refusing to swear; signifying that in his conscience he did verily think that Sir T. Tresame had studied and premeditated his argument forth of the Scripture and doctors more to incense the ears of so great an assembly, and thereby (as it were) to premonish all Catholics by his example how to answer, and how to behave themselves in like cases, than that he did it in defence of his own cause. Wherefore he instantly prayed the court to have regard to it, and deeply to aggravate his fine.

Ld. Buckhurst. It seemed that the Lord Buckhurst had studied somewhat which he meant to utter; though he said, or rather iterated, the same that had been spoken before, commending the queen, condemning the prisoners, and wishing that the fines might be greatly raised; declaring it was an odious act, and which concerned the state greatly; adding this only of his own, that he verily thought, and thereof made no question, but that Campian had been at their houses, especially for that they refused to swear, which (he said) was an undoubted token of his being there.

Lord Cromwell. His speech correspondently answered the speech

of the Lord Buckhurst, saying that particularly he would have had them—viz. the Lord Vaux, Sir T. Tresame, and Sir W. Catesby—to be doubled in their fines: so to the purpose, but briefly, he concluded, for he was not long in his speech.

Ld. Leicester. My Lord Vaux, Sir T. Tresame, and Sir W. Catesby (said he), you know how careful I was over you, and how friendly I admonished you; but no warning would serve you. I cannot but show you I would you had been advised by me, for then you had never come to this.

Ld. Chamberlain. He argued discreetly what belonged to government, and then descended to the punishment of offenders; lastly, he manifested that he liked of the proceeding of Sir W. Mildmay, and those that had gone before him, and so ratified the punishment.

Ld. Chancellor. He presently entered into the body of the cause, without any long narration, saying that because time did draw away, he would be short. He held in his opinion the prisoners guilty of receiving Mr. Campian. He noted their obstinacy and undutifulness in refusing to swear. He thought they had said untruly, and upon that he produced *Os quod mentit occidit animam*. He afforded good commendation of Sir T. Tresame, but disliked him in this course. He urged against the Lord Vaux that he was at full years at her majesty's coming to the crown; who at that time did his homage, whereto he was sworn; declaring that in the refusing to swear he had violated the same, which was a grievous offence; declaring that he, being the last, could not alter what already was agreed upon, otherwise he would deeply have increased his fine. And for Mrs. Gryffyth, he thought it convenient to discharge her of her fine of 500 marks, because she was covert baron, and it could not be levied on her; and because she knew not what belonged to an oath, she should tarry in prison till she did know. For Mr. Powdrell, he urged two things against him: that he would refuse to swear when he told him that he should be examined of no things but such as concerned her majesty; also that he denied one part of Lord Shrewsbury's certificate concerning his hearing of Mass. Lastly, he added, the prisoners should not only return to prison, to continue there till they had sworn, but withal that they should not be delivered without her majesty's special favour obtained first therein. And where it was ordered that every prisoner should return from whence he came, he thought it mete that they should all return to the Fleet.

And herewith the court did arise, and the prisoners were carried away.

Notes observed by us that were present of arguments whereto it was marvel that Sir T. Tresame did not reply, having so much advantage; but it is to be supposed, because he was so checked a little before, that then he would not. Also, perhaps it is against the order of the court to reply after judgment delivered.

All the court seemed to be of opinion, and most of them pro-

nounced in their speeches, that the Lord Vaux, Sir T. Tresame, and Sir W. Catesby, had received Campian, and this by Campian's examination, and circumstances gathered in the court; albeit Sir T. Tresame desired to speak at the first against the receiving of Campian. Hence it seemed to us that he had reason to misdoubt a jury would have found him faulty therein, when upon that evidence, without any enforcing, so honourable an assembly was thereby satisfied that Sir T. Tresame's former testimony was untrue.

Also all of them held it a great matter of state, and some judged it little differing from treason; and yet all the three judges were clear of opinion that where a man may chance lose life or limb (and loss of ears is loss of limb), that there he is not bound to accuse himself; which if it be a matter of state and little differing from treason, then by the judges' arguments as aforesaid Sir T. Tresame nor the residue ought not to accuse themselves; for *nemo tenetur seipsum perdere*.

The attorney's case in law against himself. For he avouched that the court of Star-Chamber might compel a man to swear who is either defendant or witness, if not to punish him (which case did greatly make for the prisoners, as we did take it). First, that was done by force of statute; so if they could not do it without then, then not now. Item, a man might make a contempt, and not to be forced to swear; for if the matter be not contained in the bill, we think that the court cannot force him to swear. In which case of refusal no contempt at all. Lastly, all punishments for contempt of non-appearance, and such-like, be punishable, but not finable. So that case, then, maketh much for the prisoners.

Ld. Dier's two cases. He produced the statute of hunting, wherein it is made felony if the party therein offending do refuse to swear; which case, he said, agreed with this case; but it proveth that such an offender was not bound to accuse himself before that statute was made. Also that statute is for the discovery of the whole truth therein; for if an offender swear, and do not discover the whole truth, but leaveth any part thereof unrevealed, being demanded, that maketh it felony, which maketh another difference in this case.

Also that is a mere temporal demand, and the act is in itself evil, which likewise maketh a most different contrariety in it; for this now is a case of conscience, and of all Catholic divines reputed good.

At that time he likewise alleged a precedent of that court; but it could not be produced then, and few heard thereof, which was in the Lord Audley's time; that in riotous manner a frame of a house was burned, and the party was punished in that court, not showing what, or in what sort. But not mentioning at all a refusal to swear, which was nothing to the purpose; for the riot, or unlawful act of burning the frame, ought not to escape unpunished, for it is a wicked act in itself, and hath no affinity to this case, neither was it proved, but only alleged; and if proved, it would prove nothing.

The Chief-Justice avouched a daily precedent in his court; also a case at the common law, which was to prove that they might fine them, as well as punish them. His case was, that if a bishop, upon

process directed to him from the court, shall refuse to accept his clerk, he is finable at the queen's pleasure, and shall have his temporalities seized till the money be levied; which case hath no affinity with this supposed contempt: for the bishop doth withstand the ordinary course of the common law, and this usually is in practice. But this of theirs is no contempt to the common law to refuse to swear to accuse in cases of conscience. Also we be of opinion that there was never a precedent in this case before, neither in the common law nor civil law.

Lastly, this differeth much in the punishment; for there the bishop is not punishable by body, but by pecuniary fine only; and these prisoners were both by body and grievous fine. Some contempt is neither punishable by body nor fine; some only by body; some only by fine. But we have not seen both by body and fine, but where some statute specially doth authorise it, as in riots, cosinage, counterfeiting of hands, perjury, and such-like.

His other precedent was of his usual fining and committing also to prison in his court, when a man made contempt to appear upon a jury, whereupon he also noted that he usually did set a year's fine at the least of such. Wherefore, he said, in this case it ought to have been much more, being for the queen, and in so great a matter of state; which precedent did make much for the prisoners. This is done by statute, and if then not without statute there, no more here, till a statute be provided for it. Again, deciding of right between party and party is a mere civil cause, so is not to accuse in cases of conscience.

Lastly, for the heightening of the fine his precedent is to little purpose; for true it is that he many times assesseth fines upon the jurors that be poor men, which haply amount unto a year's fine; but with a knight, or such-like, who may dispend 500*l.* or 1000*l.* or but 100*l.*, he doth not so, nor even the tenth part; wherefore that precedent maketh little to urge the fines, as we (who did stand by) did take it.

We feel that no remarks of ours can add to the force of Sir Thomas Tresame's argument, or to the hideous and unblushing effrontery of the injustice of the impatient judges. We have only to add, that the accuracy of this *ex-parte* report is confirmed by several papers in the State-Paper Office, which we hope some day to publish with this in a more complete state; for we have thought it best to retrench a few prolix forms, such as "your lordship my Lord of Leicester," and a few repetitions, so as to render the report more readable; but in no case have we altered a single word so as in any way to modify the sense. Our object is not to reproduce old documents *verbatim* for the delight of antiquarians, and to print archaisms which would deter the modern reader, but to publish, that is, to make known as widely as we can, the authentic records of the virtues and the sufferings of our glori-

ous predecessors. We do not know when we shall be able to trace the rest of the history of these confessors of the faith; we will only say here, that after their liberation from prison, Lord Vaux, Sir Thomas Tresame, and Sir William Catesby, undeterred by the danger of the gallows, and unmoved by the memory of their former troubles, proved to the end of their lives to be the most generous and hospitable receivers and fosterers of the persecuted clergy and laity, in spite of the act of Parliament which entailed the penalties of treason upon their charity.

PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION.

WILL young fellows ever become old fellows? In years no doubt they will; but in opinions, feelings, views? We once heard an ancient address a youth after this manner: "Ah, you young fellows, you begin very well, you do a great deal, and want to go very fast; but wait; by and by you too will settle down, and be quiet sensible old fellows like us. Wait, I say." And is it indeed so? Are the old fellows in the right, and the young fellows simply hot-headed and impetuous because they are young? Is the remedy of all present evils to be found in the consolation that the young fellows are growing old, and will be *bonâ-fide* old fellows some of these days? We don't believe it. We cannot bring ourselves to think that all the high views and ardent aspirations of the young are to sink and cool down—

"Till all our hopes and hues of day
Have faded into twilight gray."

But if it is so, if indeed this is our sad but inevitable destiny, what then? Why, let us be up and doing at once. We are not old fellows yet; and if we are—O melancholy reflection!—to end so, yet let us not begin so. Let us do our work while we still have the life and energy. We are not ourselves a young fellow (as an American reviewer might say), but we are for the young fellows; we are for energy, activity, and exertion. It is not from too much of these that we are at present suffering.

We are not now about to lecture on the necessity of energy and activity in all matters, but only in that with which we are at present concerned, namely, education. Let us suppose, then, that we have a clear, distinct, definite idea of what is to be aimed at. This we discussed in our last Number, and showed

that the required results can reasonably be expected only from *education* as distinct from *instruction*. Let us also suppose it settled that education is the impressing certain fixed principles upon the mind, and building upon those principles certain settled habits, brought into actual use and practice. In other words, that it consists in learning not the science, but the art and practice of virtue, or how to use rightly that free-will which is possessed, and will be called into exercise, by every rational creature, of whatever age, sex, or condition.

All this being settled, let us now consider how these high views of education can be carried out,—from what methods such good results can reasonably be expected. Now there are many methods of education; there must and ought to be many, for the varying circumstances both of the teachers and the taught make different methods unavoidable. And education, in order to effect its object, ought to take all these circumstances into consideration, to allow for them, and to build upon them. Once make a rigid rule or system of education, unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and however perfectly it may fulfil its object at the time it is made, yet its becoming stiff, antiquated, and useless for any practical purpose, is simply a question of time. The world is going on, society shifts, nations change places; old opinions, feelings, and aims die out, and new ones come in; and though the laws of God and His Church, and the rules of what is right and good, are immutable, yet the application of these to our own circumstances must needs be modified from time to time, if we would be successful. And how are methods of education discoverable? Like other things, by experience and hard thinking. Experience, no doubt, is the best way. Nothing will supply the place of a thoughtful man's observation of what actually produces the best results. But still there are some difficulties and dangers in the way. First of all, most men are *not* thoughtful; they are satisfied with very "small experiences,"—they generalise a great deal too fast, not taking into account ever so many circumstances and considerations which ought to modify their conclusion; and because their conclusions are, as they say, founded on facts, they are as obstinate as an ass about them. Moreover, if ever the proverb is true, that experience keeps a dear school, it is emphatically so in education. While the manager learns by experience, the unfortunate little subjects of his experiments jeopardise soul and body under his hands. Could one, indeed, have a normal school, peopled by little creatures who had, as politicians speak, no future, in a literal sense, or at

least none dependent on the way in which they are at present taught, it would then be in every way best to learn by experience, and that alone. But, as things are at present, it must be done cautiously, and not without some tenderness for the interests of those who may chance through our mismanagement to make shipwreck of their prospects either in this world or the next.

On the other hand, hard thinking and original designs of education, so to speak, are not to be depended on unless founded on and modified by experience. The turnings and windings of the human heart, the springs of action, the balances and counter-movements, that really produce the actual results of life, are too intricate and subtle to be known and calculated on by us prior to experience and trial. It will, then, be by the union of thought and experience, by reflection built on observation, that we shall be most sure to come to right conclusions as to the best method of education.

However, whatever means we take, method of some sort we must have if we are to succeed. It is all very well for men to sneer, as they sometimes do, at acting upon principles in these things. For a time they may take things as they turn up, and do what seems best at the moment, without either reflecting on the past or looking forward to the future; but in the long-run men must, if they are active and successful, lay down certain principles and rules of conduct to guide them in their work,—principles and rules which they act upon because either reason or experience, or both, have convinced them that they are the right and true ones.

Nor is it to the purpose to object against adherence to rules and principles that we have for the most part to make them for ourselves, and so may be in error both as to the rules themselves and their application to particular instances. What is this, after all, but to say that we are such poor and short-sighted creatures that we may fall into mistakes? And is it not because we are so weak and short-sighted, that we need the support of rules and the guidance of principles to help our weakness? If it is difficult to avoid mistakes and errors in choosing principles of conduct, or in applying them to particular cases, is it less difficult to avoid mistakes without any rules? If the one requires ability and judgment, does the other require less? Better even to make mistakes than to have no principles of action; because the mistakes will in the end be fewer and lighter. And let it not be forgotten, that in one case we may have the assistance of others, their judgment and experience—that is, we may act on the principles of wiser and more practical and practised men than our-

selves; in the other, we are left to the mercy of what modicum of these qualities we happen to possess ourselves.

But if we only look into things, we shall find it to be a fact, that those who succeed in their undertakings are men of enlarged mind as well as personal energy,—men who have formed certain principles in their mind, and who adhere to them. And as in schools the whole character of the education and its success depends on the principles we set out with, it will be well to enter more fully into the subject, and show by some examples the nature and importance of right principles of education.

And first let us explain more precisely what we mean by principles of education. We do not mean here what are called first principles,—those fundamental laws which are founded on the distinction between right and wrong; or at least rules that are so important and primary, that a difference about them implies a difference of end and aims. But this is not the case here. We are all agreed as to what we are aiming at in Catholic education; there is no question which is a matter of right and wrong amongst us. On first principles we are agreed; but we also call by the name of principles those rules which men lay down to themselves, to guide them in the application of first principles to the work they have in hand,—practical rules formed from first principles, and which are in fact so many expressions and adaptations of them to the particular circumstances,—rules, in short, which we have in some way learnt are now and here the ones to go by in what we have to do, and which, though they may be modified or departed from for a cause, are not to be departed from without a cause.

Now we all aim by education at making children good Christians; but as to the means, those who are intent on succeeding in their work get to act on some plan or method, and adhere to certain rules which they think the best for attaining the end in view. And the whole school will take its character from the character of this plan or principle. Thus, some men say, that as temptations are the material of our trial on earth, and surround us through life, the object to be attained in a school is, by strict discipline and punishment to teach a self-restraint, and to associate vice with pain; while others think that associating virtue with pleasure, and teaching the happiness of being good by making the school a cheerful, happy place, is the truer method of attaining the same end. Some think that to keep out the knowledge of evil is the way to prevent a taste for it; others depend more on the maxim, that to forewarn is to forearm. Some schools seem

plainly to prepare children for the world as a place of work; others as plainly seem to teach them to dance and sing through life. Some aim at taming and subduing and humbling our headstrong passions and proud self-will; while others seek to encourage and elevate all that is hopeful and good in our nature, as the better way of insuring virtue in after-life.

Now who will say that there is not a great deal of reason and good sense in each of these principles; and who again will deny that if the school is carried on with any vigour or energy, its entire character will depend on whether one or the other of these principles is adopted? According to the circumstances of the places, or the dispositions of the children, or the national character of the people, or the sort of temptations they will be most subject to, so one or the other of these methods may be most proper. And on the choice whether of the right and fitting principle, or of a wrong one, the whole future course of the children, their salvation or their ruin, will probably depend.

It will be evident from what we have said, that these principles, inasmuch as they are the application of fundamental rules to present exigencies, cannot be laid down once for all, nor again for one person by another who is ignorant of the circumstances of the case. All that we desire is, that those who have such vast power for good or evil in their hands as the management of a school implies, should think over and study these principles, that they may pick and choose what is best for themselves. If any thing at all great in the way of work is done, it must, let us say it once more, be done on principles, if it is to succeed. When active men ignore or slight principles, the result is generally not doing without any, but unknowingly adopting bad ones. But though we cannot dictate to others, yet it may be of use to discuss one or two of the methods, in order to show by an example how much depends upon them.

One system of education is founded on the principle, that to keep out evil, even the knowledge of it, is the one aim to which all other views and ends must bend and be subservient. And yet, while the truth of this principle cannot be gainsaid, there is another which contains also a great truth, viz. that as you *cannot* keep out the knowledge of evil, the important thing, the one aim is, to arm men against it, and to teach them how to use the knowledge and liberty they must inevitably become possessed of,—to send them at once to see the enemy and attack him. Now, however it may be argued that these principles are not exactly contradictory to one another, yet they are so far inconsistent, that both cannot be

at once the main principles by which the same school is conducted. They lead to an entirely opposite system of treatment, they mutually oust each other. Which shall be adopted?

The one says that the great thing is innocence; that the robe of baptism, if once soiled, cannot be washed again; that the way of penance is not only a lower course in itself, but an alternative that may never be adopted: it is a plank thrown out to the shipwrecked soul, by which he *may* be saved, not by which he infallibly will. What can make up for the loss of innocence? Is it not worth while to sacrifice all worldly prospects for the sake of it? What can education possibly do more than secure innocence? Is not this the very acme of success?

Yes, it may be answered by the advocates of the other principle, nothing is more important than innocence, no education more completely successful than that which secures it; but innocence not for childhood only, but for the whole of life. Innocence in childhood, if it is purchased by frailty in after-life, is worth but little. The chief value of innocence lies in its preservation to the end of our lives, not in our having possessed it some time or another. We will not be one whit behind you in our appreciation of innocence; but on your system you look only to the present; you are ready to sacrifice every thing to present innocence, or rather ignorance, whereas we look rather to the future, when temptations are stronger and helps fewer; and we consider how, by our system of education, we may secure a conscious and guarded innocence throughout life rather than an unconscious ignorance of evil at one particular point of it.

The answer to this takes the matter on a higher ground. It says, we have nothing to do with the future, which is in the hands of God; our business is with the present, and we have no right to sacrifice the least ornament of present innocence for the hope, in our short-sighted calculations, of a greater benefit hereafter. We have to do our duty now, and take care of what is intrusted to us; and leave the future alone,—it does not belong to us.

We should be afraid to say a word against this reasoning, did there not seem to be still more cogent arguments on the other side. For what is the case? A man is ill; he sends for a physician; he describes his symptoms, and asks advice and relief. The doctor sees that the man is in a bad case; but he can nevertheless apply remedies that shall set him up for the time, or by a course of painful treatment he can probably insure a more or less perfect but lasting recovery. What shall he do? Why, if he is a good doctor, you will say he

will not, *more doctorum*, regard his patient's present calls for immediate relief, but will look to make a lasting cure. Will you say he has nothing to do with the future? Or the lawyer who undertakes your cause,—is it his duty to ease your mind for the present, rather than to look to the lasting benefit of your property? Or the architect,—has he nothing to do with the future and permanent stability of his edifice? Now what is the work of the educationist, if we may use the word? Surely not simply to look to the present happiness or well-being of the children; but to prepare them for life, to fit them to enter into its struggles, and to resist its temptations with success. His work is pre-eminently with the future; to provide for their well-being not so much now, when they are under his care and protection, as for the future, when they will be left to themselves. If, then, it is said we have not to do with the future, but with the present, we answer, If you undertake the future, you are answerable for the future. And when the schoolmaster ceases to look to the future, he had better shut up his school; for the children are sent to him that they may be provided for in the future. It is indeed true that the future is not in his hands; but it is a great deal more in his hands than the health of the patient is in the hands of the physician, inasmuch as we can exercise more control over the free-will of man than over the decrees of God. And to strive to influence and lead the free-will of men, so that it may be exercised rightly in the future, is exactly and precisely the work of education. We may fail, notwithstanding our utmost endeavours, through causes that are beyond our control; but so precisely is education an undertaking to control the future as far as we may, that could we be sure that the children under our care would turn out badly, we should not educate them at all; unless, indeed, we desired that they should become what our friends in the sister-country call “finished blackguards.”

But the advocates of the first system will urge, that the case of the educationist is not analogous to that of the lawyer or physician; for these latter have only temporal good to look to, which they may use as they please; but when we come to treat of moral good, the case is different. Here our hands are tied by the laws of God; we are not allowed, on a calculation of what is probably to be the event of things, to give way to present evil, or to sacrifice any degree of present innocence. We must not, in short, do evil that good may come.

But this, it may be answered, is to mistake the point. The principle in question does not suppose that we should

consent, for the sake of greater innocence hereafter, that children should commit sin; but that they should be permitted to survey its snares and temptations while they are under control and restraint. It is not a question of permitting sin, but of permitting some knowledge and hence some danger of sin, or, to be still more precise, of permitting one danger in preference to another. But moreover, while theology teaches indeed that we cannot lawfully consent to sin under any pretence, yet it also teaches that we are bound under particular circumstances to permit it, that is to say, to keep ourselves neutral, not to step in to prevent it. And those circumstances are, when the evil, whatever it may be, seems to be less than another which would ensue from our stopping it. This is plain to common sense; for the same jealousy for God's glory, the same hatred of sin, which would make a man stop the commission of evil in every possible case, would also make him avoid what seemed the greater evil in any case where one or the other seemed inevitable. And it is not a true jealousy for God's glory, but a true and genuine narrowness of mind and shortness of sight, which makes a man careful about little things that are present and before him, and utterly blind to great future consequences. It is of course a truth, that we must not meddle with God's laws or abate one jot of them; but we also hold it for a truth, that we must use foresight and prudence about spiritual as well as temporal affairs. We do not see that the extraordinary assistances which God gives us, the gifts of faith and grace, are meant to supersede activity, foresight, prudence, or reflection, but to supply what those are unable to do. Hence if reflection and experience combine to teach us that being tolerant of a small evil now is the way to prevent a great evil hereafter; that permitting a certain amount of danger to be incurred now is the only sure or the most sure way of guarding against its being fatal hereafter,—right reason, as well as the law of God, teaches that we should act about this as we should about our health or property, or whatever else we most value in life. Because the cause is an important one; because the interests involved are higher and greater than in purely secular matters,—is that a reason for not using that practical wisdom and common sense which we rightly look upon as the most valuable quality to direct us in all other matters?

And while on this subject, we cannot resist making the reflection, what a monstrous evil is hasty legislation. Men who have to do with governing, whether a kingdom, or an institution, a school, or a family, observe certain abuses that creep in—certain advantages taken of that freedom and liberty

which those under them enjoy ; and forthwith they proceed to strike, as they say, at the root of the evil by taking away the liberty altogether. They determine in their zeal to put an end at once to some mischief or malpractice, and they devise a rigorous penalty, which shall effectually prevent the recurrence of the evil ; and perhaps in the meantime the state of things they have been so impatient under was the least imperfect and mischievous that was attainable, all things considered. And so they have indeed stopped one evil, but opened the way to another ; they have closed the sluices, but have loosened the embankment, which will soon give way beneath the mighty waters. Physicians tell us of some disorders that, being once contracted, serve as a flux for all the ill and superfluous humours of the body ; and though inconvenient themselves, cannot be stopped without danger of more serious maladies. And so, we take it, in the moral body, there are certain faults, weaknesses, and dangers, which we should do well to estimate, not only in themselves, but in comparison with others, and consider whether they are bearable—whether they are under control—whether they can be met by particular means, or made cases of special treatment—whether they are not the least of evils,—before we take any active means for annihilating them. This is the vicious maxim of a great deal of national legislation. Liberty is taken away from all, because it is abused by a few. The whole system is not to encourage and defend goodness, but to eradicate evil—to take it up—to imprison it—to cut it off from every outlet, and leave it entirely without resource. At last, it is hoped, all the ways and turnings to evil will be so perfectly hedged up and guarded, that men must needs perforce move on in the way of right and honesty because there is no other open to them. As if vice could not always find means to break out in a fresh place. The question, then, in all legislation is, not merely is this an evil that we can stop, but is it also an evil that it will be well to stop ?

But we must resume our argument. It may still be urged, in favour of the principle of keeping the children at all hazards innocent and ignorant of present evil, that the best way to secure innocence—which we all agree is to be aimed at—is to make them know virtue, and be ignorant of vice. Men are prepossessed, they say, in favour of what they have studied and are well acquainted with. A man, through accident or necessity, takes up a pursuit ; and through his intimacy with it he comes to love it. The strongest advocates of particular sciences are those who know them best ; whereas what is unknown is undervalued and lightly esteemed. So, they

say, make children know and study virtue, its nature and beauty; let them learn its principles and its examples,—and thus they will admire and love it. But keep them in ignorance of vice,—let them not know its manners or its ways,—let them not become familiarised with its votaries; let them know it as something all the more horrible because it must not be known.

Now this argument, again, has no little to be said for it. We are prepared to allow that where the system is practicable it is absolutely perfect. The innocence which, like that of the angels, is not only guiltless, but ignorant of vice, is the highest virtue, and that most pleasing to God. Wherever the circumstances of particular ages, or countries, or classes of people, allow of its being attained, what more could be desired? But our precise difficulty is, that under present circumstances here and now it cannot be attained. Were we educating, for instance, children whose vocation it was to live secluded from the world, there would then be a reasonable hope that the very ignorance of vice in which we so carefully brought them up might be retained throughout life. But as the case stands, the children—at least in our poor-schools—are to go forth to mix freely with the world, to see and hear and know all the immoral doctrines and corrupt practices which flourish and abound in this country. As for keeping the poor children in ignorance of vice, you might as well talk of keeping a fish dry; they live in and are surrounded by it. They must become acquainted with it. If they do not already know it, this knowledge is only a question of time. And what we throw out as a doubt is, whether it may not be a wise course not to aim at keeping them from all knowledge of and contact with vice, which they must become acquainted with, so much as to show them how they may walk undefiled even in the midst of it. In short, shall the children know what sin is now, while they are still under guidance and control, or afterwards, when they have no external support either to answer its fallacious arguments, or arm them against its attacks?

But, it is said, knowledge begets a taste for a thing. Not always. If the thing is a science, or conventional usage, it does. Men are fond of that which they have made a study of,—which they are well acquainted with,—which they excel in. But if it is not a matter of science, but of natural feeling, then it depends upon what is the nature of the thing tasted. An intimate acquaintance with the flavour of good port begets a taste for it. The same acquaintance with a black-dose begets a distaste. So that we must take into account the na-

ture of the thing tasted. What is vice? Is it something of which the flavour is racy and excellent, and invites a second and third trial; or is it

“A monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen?”

The whole question depends on this. For ourselves, we do not doubt the poet is right, and that vice is never loved when it is seen. But, on the other side, it must be admitted that vice never is seen. It has a habit of dressing itself up and going about in disguise; so that it is only after some experience that its real character is known. The ancients described it more truly when they represented it under the form of a beautiful female; whose body, however, ended in a serpent. And so, who will deny that vice, as it presents itself to us, especially when young, is captivating and enchanting;—that it tempts us to further experience, until we are fairly within the meshes of its influence. Could we, then, succeed in keeping our children out of the sight and hearing of this siren, this would be best. But if we cannot,—if it is part of their trial in the voyage of life to be exposed to her blandishments,—is it not our truest policy to let her be seen while she can be made to appear in her true colours? In short, let her be known, and she will not be loved. Let it be only shown that she is in disguise, and her charms are gone. And this we have some power of doing while the tempted are yet in our hands, and while their passions are as yet undeveloped. We have none when they have left us.

Moreover there is another consideration. If unknown things are not relished like those that we are acquainted with, yet there is a *per contra* to this in the maxim, *omne ignotum pro mirifico*. In this dull world the things that men are most eager after are often objects the emptiness of which is taught by experience, and experience only. The most active and stirring are the very men who form schemes, and build airy castles, and feed their imagination with bright hopes and desires that can never be realised. And as this is the spring which excites men of business and of ambition to all the restless activity which we observe in them, so men of pleasure are energetic in their pursuit, not so much from natural impulse as because vice and pleasure are invested in their minds with a poetic beauty,—a romanticism which makes them irresistibly tempting. This is especially the case with the young and ardent. They feel a craving after what is called “stunning enjoyment.” They don’t believe that it is not to be had. Then they hear the boasts of the vicious that there is great fun in what is forbidden. They find but little enjoyment in

their present life; and they get more and more convinced that behind all those restraints that are imposed upon them there is a great deal that is very jolly. The ignorance they are kept in of all that the world extols makes them fancy there is not only that amount of pleasure in vice which is actually to be found, but a great deal more; and their very ignorance of life enables them to picture vice as possessed of charms and delights which in matter of fact she has not to give. How common is it to find children with the idea that their superiors, instead of being people who are providing for their happiness, are slow old fogies, who, because they do not care for pleasure themselves, keep them from having their fun! When once a child gets this notion into its head, it is all up with him. He will be sure to have his fling. But deprive vice of the poetry and unknown jollity of character with which she loves to deck herself out, and she will be deprived, not, indeed, of all her powers of attraction—for she appeals to our natural passions—but of a good half of them. Let us give plenty of innocent amusement, as an outlet to the spirit of fun; and unless vice is invested with fictitious charms, it will be comparatively an easy thing to keep children from it. We do not ourselves believe that the balance, even for this world, is in favour of vice. Is it impossible to prevent children from thinking so?

One thing that is so continually overlooked is, that even children have free-will. You may generally lead them by judicious and careful treatment,—not even that always; but drive them into virtue you cannot. And if you attempt it, you only lay the foundation for a more or less violent, but a certain reaction. There is a certain disposition of mind typified by a donkey, who being desired to go in a particular direction, plants his fore-legs firmly on the ground, at an angle that utterly precludes any possible danger of being moved a single inch that way. The same frame of mind is expressed in words by the negro, when he answered his master's shouts by replying, "More massa call, more me not come." And the seed at least of the same disposition is to be found in every child: it will be well not to excite it. There is many a poor child who goes on silently and sullenly in the course marked out for it; it seems content without amusement,—it keeps steadily to its daily routine,—we seem to have completely broken it in to its work; but it is only biding its time,—the long-looked-for day when it will be free must come at last. It had free-will all along; it has strength now, and it sets vigorously to work to make up for past restraint. It finds that there *is* some pleasure in vice,—it looks for more

when it has gone deeper into it. As for virtue and religion, they are associated with that dull weary time of bondage,—it will never take up with them again.

But supposing this principle of making education to consist in the exercise of free-will, under guidance and control, to be the true one, or at least that most suited to our present circumstances, how will it apply,—how will it affect the regulations or system of our schools? Let us show by some instances. Take, for example, the matter of the children's reading,—reading books, newspapers, all sorts of things; what shall we do about this? The common literature of the day contains a great deal that is both irreligious and immoral. Are we to let them read all this? No, certainly not, if we can prevent it; but we cannot prevent it. As soon as they have left school for active life, nay, that very day, before or after school-hours, they can buy, borrow, or steal the forbidden production; and they think it must have something in it, or else why be so strict about it? Seeing, then, that it is not in our power to stop the thing altogether, we should reason thus about it: that, under the circumstances, it is better not to attempt to do what we can only do imperfectly and for a time, but rather to endeavour to strengthen the children against the danger which they must incur. We should seek to provide an abundance of healthy reading, books to which we can give the sanction of authority as being good and to be depended on. We should strive to strengthen the child's principles, with particular regard to this very danger, and take the opportunity of showing, with respect to these publications, how incorrect and untruthful they were; that they were many of them mere speculations, whose object was not to give knowledge or instruction, but to produce money. And we doubt much whether, if the children became in this way acquainted with them, while, at the same time, they learnt to place no confidence in them, we should not have more effectually disarmed them than by any impotent attempts to prevent the children from knowing any thing about them.

Sometimes a question arises on another point; which will be answered one way or another, according to the principle on which we conduct our school. Shall we allow of mixed schools, where boys and girls are educated together? And if it be thought that this question scarcely arises except in small country places, yet still there are a great many of these; and even in others the same question may arise respecting mixed confraternities or societies for the children. Considering the dangers that must attend free intercourse of the sexes even amongst the young, is it not an important thing,—a

great duty,—to separate them carefully from one another? The feeling of many, and those persons of religious earnestness and zeal, is that the thing must not be thought of. What! they would say with disgust, you would not let boys and girls be together?

For ourselves, we are inclined to go further still,—to object to young girls and boys mixing freely in the streets, and to be scandalised at young men and women working together in the same business, or living together as servants in the same house—in circumstances where it is not even pretended that any restraint can be exercised over them. We are even convinced that, far from its being desirable or necessary that young people should go to the theatre and see plays, in order, as Luther recommended, “that they might learn how to woo,” the old system of this sort of thing being done by proxy, and the young people being betrothed before they had seen one another, was the most moral and happiest state of things. Ah, but now you are becoming unpractical; you cannot bring back past times. Society has changed, and custom has introduced the social intercourse of the sexes; and it would appear certain that people may, if they please, be moral and virtuous in it. Moreover it is certain, as the great Balmez has shown, that the introduction of women into society has done no little towards elevating and refining its whole tone and character.

We are, then, to take things as they stand, and make the best of them. Such is the state of society we have to deal with. Boys and girls, men and women, are allowed in this country to mix very freely; we cannot prevent it. Well, then, if so, which is the safest—to let them begin young, while bad passions are weak, while they are under our care and guidance; or to make it a wrong, naughty thing for little boys and girls to play together, while at the same time plenty of opportunity is given them for doing so, and that too when no surveillance can be exercised over them.

“The consequence of the English system (says a periodical) is, that the sexes are kept strictly apart when there is no danger of rudeness, and allowed the freest intercourse when there is. Distinct and separate rooms divide them in the presence of their teachers, when they might learn lessons of correct behaviour; while they are poured out of school in marching crowds, to walk home by lanes and fields, the better prepared by previous restraint and separate confinement for the commission of rudeness or misconduct. The truth is, if the sexes are to meet in after-life, the sooner they are practised in becoming deportment towards each other the better.”

Whoever wrote this spoke with a great deal of common sense. The whole question lies in this. Here is a danger which we cannot prevent some time or another: shall we meet and grapple with it while we have some power and control over it; or avoid encountering it for the moment, though with a liability to greater danger when the time comes? We doubt whether in existing circumstances the wisest course would not be to permit and encourage the innocent intercourse of the sexes, as the very means of making that intercourse as little dangerous as possible.

And here comes in the use of the playground, which to those who adopt this principle of teaching the right use of liberty is invaluable; whilst those who look upon a school merely as a place in which children are to be *instructed* in what is right, and to be for the time on their good behaviour, will see no use or object in a playground. In the playground the teacher can more easily mix with the children as their friend and companion. He has opportunities there which he will never have in the school of observing the several characters and dispositions of the children, without a knowledge of which he can never be thoroughly successful in his work. Here too he sees what effect his instructions have had; and here, while the children are off their guard and exercising their liberty, he steps in to correct their faults, and to teach them not the theory but the practice of virtue, and that they are in matter of fact to carry out and act upon the precepts which he has so often inculcated upon them. Here, in short, it is that virtue and religion is not taught as a science, but begins to be practised as an art.

In all that we have advanced, we have done little more than apply to poor-schools that which Dr. Newman has said of universities: "Why do we educate, except to prepare for the world? The university is not a convent or a seminary; it is a place to fit men of the world for the world. We cannot possibly keep them from plunging into the world, with all its ways and principles and maxims, when their time comes; but we can prepare them against what is inevitable; and it is not the way to learn to swim in troubled waters never to have gone into them. . . . To-day a pupil, to-morrow a member of the great world; to-day confined to the lives of the saints, to-morrow thrown upon Babel,—thrown on Babel, without the honest indulgence of wit and humour and imagination ever opened to him; without any fastidiousness of taste wrought into him; without any rule given him for discriminating the precious from the vile, beauty from sin, the truth from the sophistry of nature, what is innocent from what

is poison,—how can he contend against the world's temptations?" The same fundamental principle presides over the education of the peer and the peasant. Each has to live with men of the same nature, of the same passions, of the same souls. Nature is wider than art; her one touch makes the whole world kin more really than any artificial classifications divide it.

Reviews.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

Arctic Explorations in the Years 1853-5. By Elisha Kent Kane, M.D., U.S.N. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson.

WE are very fond of Arctic exploration and adventure—that is, with our slippers on the fender and the thermometer at + 60. A whiff of Latakia, or an occasional sip of '34 (Sandeman's or Thomson and Croft's shipping), as the whim seizes us, does not interfere with our enjoyment. Under these circumstances we can take leave of our family and friends without shedding a single tear, and bravely set sail either with the intention of piercing the rocky labyrinths of Barrow's Straits, in search of a north-west passage, or of pushing northward through Sir Thomas Smith's Sound, in the hope of reaching that most mysterious Polar ocean, which, like the Gardens of Ad in the barren deserts of Arabia, appears to reveal its dreamy existence simply to bewilder the gaze of the excited traveller. It is clear that this our special liking for reading and pondering over the records of the heroes of modern navigation is shared by a large proportion of our fellow-travellers who "sit at home at ease." We have been so dosed with jottings by the way, and out of the way, in all the nooks and corners of Europe and America, by all possible competent and incompetent scribblers—the latter, of course, infinitely the more numerous class—that we fling down "Journeys up the Jura," "Pencilings of Pennsylvania," "Vacation Varieties," "Liquor from the St. Lawrence," and "Scrambles through Scandinavia," as hastily as a heated poker or Sam Warren's last poem. Even when we accompany an enterprising geographer to the barbaric court of King Nangoro, to those African lands where feathers are many but body-linen scarce, or wander with him into that vast void which yet stares us in the face as representing all we know of

the interior of the Australian continent, we are still sensible that something is wanting of the dignity of Arctic travel. It is in the frozen north alone that we seem brought face to face to the contemplation of Nature's gigantic operations, undisturbed to any appreciable extent by the busy hands of the swarming millions who scratch and delve and pile up and destroy in the regions which a more temperate climate renders available to their puny activity. The mountain-fires of the south are terrific in their power and magnificent in their grandeur; but we make terraces on the fertile sides of the volcano, that the clustering vine may there mature its fruit. The sweep of the falling waters is endless in energy and irresistible in violence; but we have spanned Niagara with a bridge, and the scream of the iron horse is heard above the thunders of the cataract. But the stillness of the Pole has in it something which is akin to the sublimity and awfulness of death. The lump of clay may have been ungainly in form—mean and of no account while animated with its living soul; a change has quickly come upon it—it lies motionless before us, *dead*, and we uncover our heads and are silent as we remember that world in which death has no place. In presence of the dead the outer world fades into nothingness; for one soul outweighs the material universe. So the passage from the teeming haunts of buying and selling,—from the loopholes of the warehouses and the bales that throng the dockside,—from the creaking crane and the shout of labourers,—is speedy and short; a few days, and the trebly-guarded bow of the exploring-vessel is crashing through the barriers which guard the realm where Nature in respect of man lies in the stillness of death, yielding no response to the toil of the husbandman, no material to the handicraftsman, no traffic to the merchant. Dead, however, as she is for the purposes of life, it is here we see her in her most majestic repose. The prolonged night of an Arctic winter, and the continuous day of an Arctic summer, yield to the gaze of the intrepid navigator phenomena more exciting in their appalling sublimity than any he can find where day and night follow in alternate course, and tell men when to work and when to sleep.

It is a most natural, and, as we think, praiseworthy curiosity which prompts men of energetic mind to visit and describe every portion of the kingdom which God has placed under the rule of the sons of Adam. Nor do we consider that the dangers of adventure should deter those who feel that they possess the proper qualifications. It is easy to understand how the problems, scientific and commercial, which remained to be solved in the high latitudes of the north had a

special interest for the enterprise of a nation essentially maritime, and which had to a great extent already exhausted the riches of the icy waters of Greenland by a vigorous and reckless prosecution of a perilous traffic. The entire failure, however, of a pretentious expedition in search of a north-west passage, under Captains Moor and Smith, in 1746, occasioned a long absence of adventure in this direction. It was not till the year 1818 that the Admiralty fitted out two expeditions, at the instance, and in consequence of the exertions, of the late Sir John, then Mr., Barrow; but from that time to the present the prosecution of Polar research has continued to be conducted with ability and success. On the whole, the loss of life was inconsiderable in Arctic travel, as compared with African and other expeditions, until the unhappy fate of Sir John Franklin and his brave companions startled and grieved the scientific world and the public at large. How every endeavour was made to relieve him by his countrymen, and how American and European sympathy lent ready aid, is known to all. At last melancholy evidence has been obtained that hope there is none of giving succour to the living; but with a noble desire to ascertain the precise spot and nature of the final catastrophe, and to offer such honour as is due to the relics of the dead, a further expedition is, we believe, about to be organised, as we gather from reports of meetings, and from the letters of Lieut. Pim and Capt. Collinson, lately published in the *Times*. The puddledock oracle takes a very material view of the case, and sees no good in it. It has consequently fulminated a leader, in which it declares that there is nothing more to be done;—that if scientific men choose to go out in a vessel together to the middle of the Atlantic, and there scuttle the ship, they have a perfect right, and may do so with pleasure to themselves and advantage to the public; but that further search for the 138 missing men shall not be, with Jupiter's consent. With all deference to the Thunderer, we think he will succeed in putting down this expedition pretty much as the great city knight succeeded in putting down suicide. Captains and lieutenants, and doctors and icemen, who have faced 40° minus, who have feasted on tallow and frozen liver, and cut up their fur-breeches at fabulous temperatures to mend dog-harness, will hardly be deterred from a noble deed by a splash of ink from Printing-house Square. In anticipation we wish them all success. Sufficient is now known to narrow the circle of search to a very small ring; and the energy and perseverance of a picked band of hardy voyagers will scarcely leave that unexplored.

The two handsome volumes before us contain the history of the *second* attempt made by Americans to rescue Franklin; and we have read them through with the deepest interest. In its main object this attempt was, like all the rest, unsuccessful; but it has added another record of manly courage and endurance under fearful dangers and sufferings,—of brave self-reliance, joined with all the charities of life,—to the long roll of modern Arctic adventure. Nor was it fruitless, by any means, in a scientific point of view; as we shall presently see, in giving a slight outline of the course of the expedition.

Elisha Kent Kane, who commanded it, is a doctor of medicine and a surgeon in the United States' navy. What his general qualifications as the leader of an exploring party are we may ascertain by a glance at his past career, premising that he is now thirty-four years of age, or thereabouts. Having completed his education at the universities of Virginia and Pennsylvania, he graduated as M.D. in 1843, and was appointed surgeon to the diplomatic staff on the occasion of the first American embassy to China. He took this opportunity to explore the Philippines, Camarines, and Mindora, and devoted much attention to the volcanic region of Albaïf. "His sojourn among the Negritos and Arafuras was of romantic interest; and he was the first who descended the crater of the Zall." In this pleasant little descent "he was lowered more than a hundred feet by a bamboo-rope from an overhanging cliff, and, clambering down some seven hundred feet through the scorix, was dragged up senseless with the interesting specimens he had collected, including bottles of sulphurous acid from the mouth of the crater." He afterwards traversed India, visited Ceylon, the Upper Nile, and the oases of Jupiter Ammon, making acquaintance there with the learned Lepsius. He then sailed for Africa, visiting the slave-factories from Cape Mount to the River Bonny and the Barracoons of Dahomey. By way of change, he accompanied in his professional capacity the American forces to Mexico, was severely wounded on the field of Nopaluca, and made barometrical observations of the altitudes of Popocatapl. Peace being restored, he was appointed to the coast survey, and was engaged in the Gulf of Mexico when the first American-government expedition in search of Franklin was organised, through the liberality of Mr. Grinnell. Dr. Kane volunteered and was accepted as senior surgeon. He published his "personal narrative" of this expedition in 1852.

The liberality of Mr. Grinnell having again placed at his disposal a brig of 144 tons, duly strengthened for the Polar

seas, Dr. Kane was placed in a position to accomplish his ardent desire to renew the search; and in due course received his special orders from the Secretary of the Navy "to conduct an expedition to the Arctic seas" accordingly. The authorities gave but few and general instructions, wisely leaving all details to the consideration and judgment of the commander of the party, which consisted of eighteen, all hands counted. Having completed his equipment, which was chosen with much regard to hard service and with little to luxury, he sailed on the 30th May 1853, and reached the Danish fishing-station of Fiskernaes without incident, save that at St. John's, Newfoundland, they received a hearty welcome from Governor Hamilton, and "a noble team of Newfoundland dogs." At Fiskernaes the doctor obtained the services of Hans Christian, an Esquimaux boy of nineteen, and expert with the kayak and javelin, as huntsman-in-chief. He was fat and good-natured, and proved in the long-run "a right good fellow." On the 10th of July they put to sea in the teeth of a heavy gale; and the dangers and difficulties of their task commenced in real earnest. Dr. Kane's plan was founded on the analogies of physical geography, which led him to the conclusion that Greenland approached the Pole nearer than any known land; and its main features were to ascend Baffin's Bay to its most northern attainable point, and thence, pressing on northward by boats or sledges, taking land, where practicable, and not ice, as a basis, to examine the coast-lines in search of the lost expedition. In accordance with this plan, after infinite perils from bergs, and a terrific "nip" which forced the ship bodily up a wall of ice, a latitude of $78^{\circ} 41'$ was attained, being a position farther north than any of their predecessors "except Parry on his Spitzbergen foot-tramp." This latitude carried them well into what must now be called Smith's *Strait*; and, winter approaching, the momentous question of advance or retreat must be settled. We give the mode in which a decision was arrived at in the doctor's own words, which are very characteristic:

"*August 26th, Friday.* My officers and crew are stanch and firm men; but the depressing influences of want of rest, the rapid advance of winter, and, above all, our slow progress, make them sympathise but little with this continued effort to force a way to the north. . . . It is unjust for a commander to measure his subordinates, in such exigencies, by his own standard. The interest they feel in the undertaking is of a different nature from his own. With him there are always personal motives, apart from official duty, to stimulate effort. He receives, if successful, too large a share of the

credit; and he justly bears all the odium of failure. An apprehension—I hope a charitable one—of this fact, leads me to consider the opinions of my officers with much respect. I called them together at once, in a formal council, and listened to their views in full.”

With one exception, all were in favour of a return to the south. The doctor, “not being able conscientiously to take the same view,” explained the importance of securing a position for expediting future sledge-journeys; and announced his intention of warping towards the northern headland of the bay in which the vessel then was :

“ ‘Once there, I shall be able to determine from actual inspection the best point for setting out on the operations of the spring; and at the nearest possible shelter to that point I will put the brig into winter harbour.’ . . . My comrades received this decision in a manner that was most gratifying, and entered zealously upon the hard and cheerless duty it involved.”

Having at last a “breathing-spell,” a party of seven was organised; and a boat—the *Forlorn Hope*—equipped for rough service, with the intention of securing the best winter-quarters for the ship. Their passage was along the *ice-belt*, a most noticeable feature of these frozen regions; where the summer sun, though it for the most part breaks up the ice of the mid-water, never removes the marginal portion, which clings with a perennial gripe to the base of the savage and overhanging cliffs. Five days of toil gave but forty miles of distance from the brig. Here is an incident:

“Our night-halts were upon knolls of snow under the rocks. At one of these the tide overflowed our tent, and forced us to save our buffalo sleeping-gear by holding it up until the water subsided. This exercise, as it turned out, was more of a trial to our patience than to our health. The circulation was assisted, perhaps, by a perception of the ludicrous: eight Yankee Caryatides up to their knees in water, and an entablature sustaining such of their household gods as could not bear immersion!”

After a careful inspection from the highest point gained, an altitude of 1100 feet, Dr. Kane decided that the bay in which the vessel then remained combined more of the requisites of a good winter-harbour than any other he had seen; and hurrying as rapidly as possible the return march, she was again reached in safety:

“My comrades gathered anxiously around me, waiting for the news. I told them in few words the results of our journey, and why I had determined upon remaining; and gave at once the order to warp in between the islands. We found seven-fathom soundings, and a perfect shelter from the outside ice; and thus laid our little brig in the harbour, which we were fated never to leave together;—

a long resting-place to her indeed, *for the same ice is around her still.*"

From this time till the determination to abandon the ship, which was arrived at, after much consideration, on the 20th May 1855, the journal of the doctor and his comrades is one continued record of struggles against the most frightful dangers of travel, aggravated by scurvy, snow-blindness, and frost-bite; but endured, save in one or two exceptional instances, with loyal magnanimity and bravery. Dr. Kane evidently possesses in no small degree that best qualification of a commander, sound cheerfulness of spirit, with the power of communicating his own strength to his subordinates. The limits of a review will not permit us to follow as we could wish the numerous journeys by sledge and on foot, the intercourse with the Esquimaux, the routine course of observation, and the domestic arrangements which made up for so many weary months the life of this hardy little band. We must confine ourselves to a hasty notice of the two principal geographical results, referring our readers to the books themselves for details of such interest, that we shall be much mistaken if they skip a page from title to colophon.

In pursuance of his original plan of pushing as far north as possible,—be it remembered, on ground now untrodden even by the foot of the wandering savage, and after a terrible incident which eventually cost the lives of two of the party,—Dr. Kane determined on an extended journey. He proposed to follow the ice-belt to the Great Glacier which bears the name of Humboldt, and, skirting its face, to cross the ice to the American side; thence, passing to the west, to enter the great indentation the existence of which he inferred "with nearly positive certainty," where he might find an *outlet*, and determine the state of things beyond the ice-clogged area of the bay. We see how the thoughts of our intrepid traveller dwelt on the probable existence of open water beyond. Wherever the shore-line inclines to the north, the scenery of this strange coast is magnificent in its untamed ruggedness. Cliffs, rising to a thousand feet and more, come down boldly to the ice-foot; and immense turrets and pinnacles of greenstone flank cliffs battlemented into the dreamy resemblance of castles. One of these pinnacles, standing on the brink of a deep ravine solitary and threatening, is "as sharply finished as if it had been cast for the Place Vendôme. Yet the length of the shaft alone is four hundred and eighty feet; and it rises on a plinth or pedestal itself two hundred and eighty feet high." To this natural minaret the doctor has given the name of Tennyson the poet. Continuing the journey,

the commencement of the Great Glacier was reached,—a titanic mass of frozen water, a chained and fettered ocean, heaped on the mainland; so gigantic in its dimensions, that without an effort we can in no way realise them. It commences nearly with the 79th, and stretches beyond the 80th parallel. Glorious must have been the sight, even to the dimmed eyes and aching limbs of suffering and weather-beaten men:

“A face of glistening ice, sweeping in a long course from the low interior, the facets in front intensely illuminated by the sun. But this line of cliff rose, in a solid glassy wall, *three hundred feet* above the water-level, with an unknown, unfathomable depth below it; and its curved face, sixty miles in length from Cape Agassiz to Cape Forbes, vanished into unknown space, at not more than a single day's railroad travel from the Pole.”

This last illustration is very racy in its nineteenth-century smack; and we can imagine how the railroad was in very truth present to the mind of the longing discoverer:

“The interior, with which it communicated, and from which it issued, was an unsurveyed *mer de glace*—an ice-ocean—to the eye of boundless dimensions. It was slowly that the conviction dawned on me that I was looking upon the counterpart of the great river-system of Arctic Asia and America. Yet here were no water-feeders from the south; here was a plastic, moving, semi-solid mass, obliterating life, swallowing rocks and islands, and ploughing its way with irresistible march through the crust of an investing sea.”

Of course, to climb and cross this giant mass was totally impracticable. Subsequently, however, two bold fellows—let us name them, William Morton, and Hans Christian the hunter—with a light sledge, succeeded in traversing the bay; and then followed the second great discovery that marks this expedition. At the northern extremity of the cape that terminates the Great Glacier they found a channel; the ice was weak and rotten, and the dogs began to tremble. Turning as soon as possible, they reached the shore, and at last made good ice again; and presently, the fog lifting, they saw *open water*. Rounding the cape, they looked ahead, and again saw nothing but *open water*; presently a flock of Brent geese, and ducks in crowds, eiders and dovebies, tern, ivory gulls, and mollemokes. Travelling further north, the channel expanded into an iceless area, “four or five pieces alone being visible over the entire surface of its white-capped waters;” and Dr. Kane estimates, from the mean radius of thirty-six miles open to reliable survey, that this sea had an extent of more than four thousand square miles. Finally Morton, leaving Hans and his dogs, proceeded along the porphyritic rocky

coast; and climbing with increasing difficulty in hopes of doubling a promontory which shut out further view, arrived at the forced conclusion of his march:

“It must have been an imposing sight, as he stood at this termination of his onward journey, looking out on the great waste of waters before him. Not a ‘speck of ice,’ to use his own words, could be seen. Then from a height of four hundred and eighty feet, which commanded an horizon of almost forty miles, his ears were gladdened with the novel music of dashing waves; and a surf breaking in among the rocks at his feet stayed his further progress. Beyond this cape all is surmise.”

The doctor, admitting the difficulty of pronouncing with certainty where so many previous supposed discoveries have proved altogether illusory, modestly and shortly points out wherein the difference lies between this last “open polar sea” and its many deceptive predecessors. It is impossible not to be struck with the melted snow on the rocks, the crowds of marine birds, and the limited but *still-advancing* vegetable life, and the rise of the thermometer in the water. He considers that within historical and even recent limits the climate of this region was milder than at present. In Dallas Bay, at the southern extremity of the Great Glacier, is an Esquimaux village, with bones of seals, walrus, and whales, all now cased in ice; and in Morris Bay, miles beyond the *northern* extremity of the glacier, a sledge-runner, worked with skilful labour out of the bone of a whale, was found, in proof that a latitude of 81° had been at some time not unknown to that wandering race.

At last it became too clear that the brig was frozen in for a second winter; and whether to stand by her or push for the south must once more be decided, since the summer had not broken the solid pack within twenty miles of her icy dock. Eight out of seventeen survivors resolved to remain; but seven, with whom all resources were justly and liberally divided, left their commander and comrades to try their fortunes in their own way. One speedily returned; the rest after much misery. “They carried with them a written assurance of a brother’s welcome, should they be driven back; and this assurance was redeemed when hard trials had prepared them to share again our fortunes.” In suffering and labour, lightened by hope alone, the second winter wore away; but again the summer brought no change; and to face a third winter, with thirty-six days’ provisions only and no firewood, would have been suicidal. Most admirably in this emergency were all the arrangements, long considered and matured by Dr. Kane’s foresight, brought into active operation; and after a touching

farewell to the ship, the party set forth on their journey for life or death. It succeeded for all but one brave man, who died from an injury received in the noble performance of duty; and the survivors reached in safety the settlement of Upernavik after eighty-four days in the open air. We must extract the record of the first sound of a Christian voice in unfamiliar ears:

“‘Listen, Petersen! Oars, men! What is it?’ and he listened quietly at first; and then, trembling, said in a half-whisper, ‘Dannemarkers!’ By and by—for we must have been pulling a good half-hour—the single mast of a small shallop showed itself; and Petersen, who had been very quiet and grave, burst into an incoherent fit of crying, only relieved by broken exclamations of mingled Danish and English. ‘’Tis the Upernavik oil-boat, the *Fraulein Fleischer*. Charlie Mossyn, the assistant-cooper, must be on his road to Kingatok for blubber. The *Mariane* has come, and Charlie Mossyn.’ And here he did it all over again, gulping down his words and wringing his hands.”

After recruiting at Upernavik, where they “could not remain within the four walls of a house without a distressing sense of suffocation,” they set sail in the *Mariane* above-mentioned, with their little boat the *Faith* on board as a relic. On the 11th September they arrived at Godhavn, the inspectorate of North Greenland; and the same day a steamer, with a barque in tow, appeared in the distance. It was not long before they recognised the stars and stripes of America; and with beating hearts the *Faith* was lowered for the last time, and they could soon see “the scars which their own ice-battles” had impressed on the vessels sent out to seek the long-absent travellers.

The doctor closes his narrative with the happy meeting:

“Presently we were alongside. An officer, whom I shall ever remember as a cherished friend, Captain Hartstene, hailed a little man in a ragged flannel-shirt. ‘Is that Dr. Kane?’ And with the ‘Yes’ that followed the rigging was manned by our countrymen, and cheers welcomed us back to the social world of love which they represented.”

In consideration of his Arctic travel and discoveries,—the most important of the latter being the Great Glacier, Kennedy’s Channel, with the coast on either side and the open sea beyond,—the Royal Geographical Society has lately presented Dr. Kane with its gold medal; but we regret to add that his broken health prevented his receiving any public manifestation of goodwill. He is now, we believe, on his way to the West Indies; and we sincerely hope he may speedily

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recover all his physical energies. His friend, Captain Hartstene, has just arrived at Portsmouth with the *Resolute*, a graceful present from our Yankee cousins to the Queen.

We have only, in conclusion, once more warmly to recommend the history of the Second Grinnell Expedition as an excellent Christmas book for old and young. It is profusely illustrated, many of the wood-engravings being of considerable merit; and, between grave and gay, suffering and laughter, Esquimaux life, manners, and customs, seal, walrus, and bear hunts, it will be no fault of Dr. Kane's if every taste does not find something interesting and exciting. As a record of unflinching resolution and of dangers bravely overcome, it has no superior in the annals of travel.

THE GIRLHOOD OF CATHERINE DE' MEDICI.

The Girlhood of Catherine de' Medici. By T. Adolphus Trollope. Chapman and Hall.

OUR verdict on Mr. Trollope is, on the whole, that he is a goose. He has the solemnity of the owl, and the pretentiousness of the peacock; but his voice is an unmistakable cackle. The present book shows that he has entirely mistaken his vocation. Nature never meant him to write historical biographies. A man who can discourse for two octavo pages on the small fact that a baby was taken from Florence to Rome, was designed for other things. Nature intended him to be the minister of a fashionable proprietary-chapel in London or in a provincial watering-place. In that elevated and intellectual position, far removed from fear of critics, he might be the "guide, philosopher, and friend," of a select circle of artificially devout ladies, with whom syntax was a superfluity and logic a blessing altogether unknown. With these, over the fragrant bohea, he might "improve" the events of the passing hour, set mankind in general to rights, and prove every thing out of nothing. He might also find leisure for a completion of the life of Catherine de' Medici, in five-and-twenty volumes, embracing a sketch of every thing that did happen, or might have happened, or ought to have happened, in general Europe, and France and Italy in particular, during the long life of his heroine, together with moral reflections *ad libitum* as long as the printer's type would hold out.

We have come across a good many foolish books in our day,

a good many dull books, and a good many conceited books too. Especially in the way of history or historical sketches, this present age abounds with the productions of persons who imagine themselves called to the service of Clio. But any thing more coolly impudent than this volume of Mr. Trollope it has rarely been our unlucky lot to stumble over. Here is a volume of nearly 400 pages, handsomely printed, published by one of the most respectable London houses, and altogether "turned out" in excellent style, on a subject which might have been exhausted in one-tenth of the space. Even this quantity could only be attained by a little judicious spinning-out. The *Girlhood of Catherine de' Medici* had not many more incidents than usually happen to a child whose parents leave her early an orphan; and as to existing materials for furnishing a sketch of her character and private life as a child, there are almost literally none. It is supposed that some such things do exist, in the shape of the reminiscences of a nun belonging to one of the convents where she was brought up; but Mr. Trollope has never seen them, nor has any account of them ever been given to the world. In fact, the *Girlhood of Catherine de' Medici* is a mere catchpenny title, adopted with a view to make the public anticipate a striking and spicy piece of biography, showing what that extraordinary woman really was before her union with the royal family of France. Mr. Trollope's book is in reality a dull tedious rigmarole of vapid description and obtrusive disquisition on sundry Italian affairs and people of the time of Catherine or, as they say in Moore's Almanac, "thereabouts." He has read a few odds and ends of contemporary history, together with Ranke and other recent writers, and to these he has added a study of sundry anti-jesuitical and anti-papistical novels; and having done this, he has felt himself called to expound largely on the thesis that Catherine was a bad woman because she was brought up by cardinals and nuns; to which thesis he appends sundry other profound maxims, such as that Catholics are necessarily persecutors, because every body who is confident that he is right in religion is bound in conscience to take forcible measures to crush those who think otherwise. The book would not, indeed, be worth more than a line or two of notice, but that the publication of such productions is a melancholy sign of the gullibility of our fellow-countrymen on every thing that even remotely touches the Catholic religion. The most "sensible" and "practical" race in the world are the foremost to lend their ear to any pretender who will tickle it with a few flourishing sentences in dispraise of Catholics, and suggest the delightful belief that never were

there such things as faith and morals upon earth till modern England arose to enlighten the nations.

Let us not be misunderstood, however. We are the last to object to the publication of the real truths of the history of past ages, however much it may involve what is discreditable to Catholics, whether ecclesiastics or laymen. We have not the faintest desire to doctor the records of the past, or "work" them as a defaulter "cooks" the accounts which he presents to his superiors. We hold that a knowledge of the disasters which have afflicted the Church in past days, whether from without *or from within*, is of the utmost importance as a practical guide to ourselves as Christians in our own age. We would no more eliminate the records of the sins of Catholic countries from history than we would cut out the records of earthquakes and inundations from the physical history of the world. What we complain of is, that the histories of Catholic times are written by men who utterly misunderstand them, who are acquainted with only one class of the facts which they present, and who are morally or intellectually incapable of comprehending the motives of persons different from themselves. All but the shallowest thinkers are aware that the real spiritual condition of an age is not to be judged by the conduct of its most prominent personages in secular affairs. Moreover, in the middle ages, and especially in Italy, owing to the comparative want of education of the laity, there existed a large class of men who were by profession ecclesiastics, but whose life was devoted to secular pursuits; and who in no sense whatever represented the entire body of Catholic ecclesiastics in their sacerdotal capacity. Whether it was well for religion that ecclesiastics should thus merge their spiritual in their temporal character, is another question. Abstractedly speaking, we think it was the very reverse of desirable; but whether, in a transition state like that of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, it *could*, practically speaking, have been otherwise, may well be doubted. Nevertheless it is the fact, that within the sacred ministry there did then exist in large numbers—as they have sometimes existed since in a smaller proportion—a class of ecclesiastics often perfectly respectable in private life (though not always so), whose time was devoted almost exclusively to political or other secular affairs, and whose habits were not exactly fashioned after the apostolic model.

In one of the few readable passages of his book, Mr. Trollope gives a picture of certain cardinals of this description, extracted from the accounts rendered to their government by the Venetian ambassadors:

“The manner of living which Rome was accustomed to see and admire in her ecclesiastical princes is amusingly shown by the account which the same company of ambassadors from Venice, whose report has been before cited, have furnished of a banquet given them by the Venetian cardinal, Andrea Cornaro. After duly recording the velvet-covered seats, the cloth-of-gold, the sideboards loaded with superb plate, they state the astounding fact, that the dinner consisted of sixty-five courses of three dishes each; and all served on silver. ‘Scarcely had we tasted one,’ say the simple ambassadors, with very evident admiration, ‘than another was brought in. At last we rose, stuffed and stupified, as well from the quantity of the food as because at the cardinal’s table there was music of every sort that could be found in Rome. Excellent fifers played continually; harpsichords also were there, with most wonderful sounds in them; lutes with four strings; harps and songs outside the room, and inside;—one music after another.’

This magnificent cardinal, we are told, gave dinners to the members of the sacred college three times a week. Their eminences often called on him on their way to the apostolical palace, as his mansion was situated in the Borgo; and he was in the habit of pressing them to stay and dine with him.

Various other entertainments are recounted with infinite admiration and simplicity by these worthy Venetians, who have left one of the most amusing, if not most politically important, of the ‘*Relazione*’ which have come down to us. With Cardinal Grimani they dined one Saturday entirely, like good Catholics, on fish. His eminence, being bishop of Porto, has special facilities, they say, for having fish of all sorts: and indeed it should seem that he had, for the ambassadors, ‘stupified’ as they had been, a few days before, by Cardinal Cornaro’s sixty-five courses, sat at Cardinal Grimani’s table during this fast-day dinner, for nearly six hours. They particularly commemorate one fish, a sturgeon, the head of which was ‘larger than that of a large ox,’ and which had cost eighteen golden ducats, equal to not much less than 8*l.* of our present currency.

None, however, of the festivities recorded by them give so striking a picture of the profuse magnificence of the Roman life of that period as the following very interesting and curiously minute account of a hunting-party, to which one of their number was invited by the Cardinal Cornelio:

‘Mathew Dandolo, on Saturday, went to hunt with this cardinal; and they took a stag, a wild-goat, and a hare. The cardinal was mounted on a dapple-gray Spanish jennet, of great beauty and nobleness, admirably well paced, and ornamented with black housings. He was dressed in a plaited priest’s vestment, short, of scarlet colour, and without lining. On his head, above his skull-cap, he wore a Spanish hat, dark-coloured, and ornamented with tassels of black silk and velvet. And they went twelve miles out of Rome to hunt. The company comprised about a hundred horsemen; for when the cardinal goes a-hunting, many noble Romans, and other

courtiers, that take pleasure in the sport, follow him. There was Messer Serapicca, among others, very sad and out of spirits. The cardinal sent on eight mules loaded with nets, which were immediately stretched in a little valley shut in by certain hills, not very high, but difficult to ascend. Through this valley the stags and swine had to pass. The huntsmen, whose business it is to know the haunts of the stags and other animals, and their lairs, had not yet come up, having gone to lie in ambush for the game. When they arrived, the cardinal dismounted, and took off his upper clothing, remaining in a jacket of brown Flemish cloth, cut close and tight to the body. The rest of the company also dismounted. Then the cardinal having remounted and assigned every one his place, they proceeded to a lovely meadow, by which the stags were obliged to pass. A small river, deep and swift of stream, ran through it, and it was crossed by several little bridges. This meadow also was guarded by dogs, of which there were a great number present. The cardinal then mounted a jennet of great value, which his brother, Don Francesco, had brought him from Spain, and all set about driving the stag from his cover. Three or four were very shortly put up. Two of them ran into the net and entangled themselves: one was caught; the other escaped. Then three exceedingly fierce boars were driven out from the valley; and the whole hunt, horsemen and runners on foot, hounds and mastiffs, followed them a good hour, teasing them unceasingly, as they at one moment rushed into the cover, and the next were started from it by the hounds. A fine sight it was to see, and the cardinal was exceedingly delighted and exhilarated. After that, in another beautiful meadow, in which there was only one small shrub, was prepared the buffet of the cardinal, and a table for fourteen persons; and at the head of it a chair of state for his lordship. And thus, some sitting on stools, and others standing, they eat, while the dogs howled at the sight of the food; the hunting-horns were sounded, and those who had followed the hunt on foot strolled about with their bread and cup of wine in their hands. But, in the midst of the dinner, down came a hard shower of rain, which washed all the company well, and watered their wine for them in their cups. They continued their dinner, however, only ordering felt hats to be handed round to the guests. The repast consisted of the finest fish, both sea and fresh water; of which the laccia, from the Tiber, is the best fish in the world. We have it in the Po, and know it under the name of chieppe; but, in truth, with us the fish is comparatively worthless. There were exquisite wines of ten sorts. Sweet oranges, peeled and prepared with fine sugar, were served at the beginning of the dinner for the first dish, as is the mode at Rome. There were three hundred mouths to feed. Then all mounted again, and came to a coppice of underwood, into which some hounds were sent. The huntsmen started a very beautiful wild-goat, which the dogs at last caught and killed. Then they chased a hare, and took her. After that, another stag was found, but was not caught. An hour before

sundown they returned to Rome. The next morning the cardinal sent the produce of the chase on a mule, as a present to the ambassadors. He sent also three other mules, each carrying a very fine calf; and twenty very long poles, carried by forty porters, from which hung capons, pigeons, partridges, pheasants, peacocks, quantities of salted meats of various sorts, and most delicate buffalo cheeses; besides three pipes of wine loaded on twelve mules, carrying two barrels each; and for every four of these mule-loads there was another mule carrying an empty tun well seasoned, for holding the wine in the cellar. The wines were of three sorts, and most exquisite. Besides all this there were forty loads of corn for our horses. And Messer Evangelista dei Pellegrini da Verocchio, house-steward of the cardinal, a man of worship and reputation, addressed the ambassadors, inviting them to dine with the most reverend cardinal on the following Tuesday. The present, which was estimated at two hundred ducats, was accepted, as also the invitation to dinner.'"

As Catholics, then, we never object to the publication of such anecdotes as this, provided only they are not put forward, as they usually are, as illustrating the entire character of the Catholic priesthood, and as proofs of the worldly, grasping, and licentious spirit of the Church of Rome. What would be said of us Catholics, indeed, if we took the twenty thousand a year of a Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, and his sumptuous entertainments to royalty, as a proof of the worldly and luxurious lives of all the vicars and curates of the Establishment? Yet the decorous magnificence of Lambeth banquets, and the courtier-like life of many of the Anglican prelates, is every whit as unapostolic as the portrait of Cardinal Cornelio out hunting in "pink," or the sixty-five courses of Cardinal Cornaro's dinner. Far be it from us to wish to see a Catholic prelate following his own pack of hounds, or to sit at a cardinal's table with sixty-five courses, sent up by a French *chef*, and with the best band of music of the day in attendance. That such things ever were, we only lament; and we see in them, quite as much as in the occasional vices of certain ecclesiastics, the real cause of the "reformation." But we protest against accepting these gorgeous misrepresentatives as an indication of the whole state of things in Rome, or any other Catholic country. All the while that these things were seen *by the worldly eye*, those who saw below the surface beheld the private life of thousands and thousands, priests and laymen, bishops and nuns, pure and unspotted; sometimes rising to the height of heroic sanctity, and testifying to the truth of the doctrines of the Church and the virtue of her sacraments all the more powerfully because of the corruptions to be witnessed in high places.

The writer before us is not the man thus to penetrate below what is outside, and find diamonds in the darkness of a mine. He talks about moral strength, but he does not understand it. Popes like Adrian VI. and the present Pontiff, constrained as he is to admit their moral worth, awake only his contemptuous pity. He smiles, or rather sneers, at "poor Adrian," as a man who lived for nothing; utterly forgetting, if he ever knew it, that the spirit which broke forth for a few months in Adrian, speedily arose again, and effected the most extraordinary real reformation *within* the Church which history has to record. Want of space prevents us from quoting the few paragraphs from Mr. Trollope which we had intended to give as a specimen of the cool impertinence with which writers of his stamp treat men immeasurably their superiors; but we cannot omit the following sage conclusion:

"It is intelligible enough that his short papacy should have been wholly uninfluential on the character and habits of the Roman court and city. It was altogether a failure in every point of view. And Rome evidently understood the exigencies of her papacy best in sinking all notion, or other than strictly official and conventional talk of duty with regard to it altogether.

Death delivered Adrian from the papal chair, and the Romans from Adrian, on the 23d September 1523. And the Church has never since committed the blunder of putting any other than an Italian at her head."

Assuring our readers that the unintelligible nonsense which forms the third sentence in this last extract is not the result of our printer's blundering, but comes *in puris naturalibus* from Mr. Trollope, we pass on to another part of his volume.

When Catherine was eight years old, she was placed by her uncle with a community of nuns, called the "Murate," or walled-up ones. This community had been founded a century and a half before, by three pious women, who had determined to live and die in a little building on the pier of one of the bridges of Florence. They walled up their door in order to prevent any communication with the world without, and hence their name.

After an account of the progress of the new society, which may be taken as a characteristic specimen of the vulgar flippancy of the school to which he belongs, and with interminable digressions and moralisings on this and that and every thing else, Mr. Trollope proceeds to give his history of the education of the child. On this important subject he has to tell us practically *nothing*, so far as his thesis is con-

cerned. In the midst of this dearth of facts, he favours us with his views as to what her education must have been, grounded on what he tells us is the universally received ideal of convent education at the present time. The "educational specialties"—*this* is certainly a piece of "educational" slang exclusively confined to the nineteenth century—the "educational specialties" of convents in the sixteenth and all other centuries are, we learn, confined to "a due knowledge of the catechism and crochet-work," or, in other words, "religion and polite behaviour." Having thus summarily settled the question of convent education throughout the Catholic world, Mr. Trollope proceeds to inquire, "according to the recognised laws of ethical cause and effect," whether the "moral atmosphere" of the convent was not such as fully to account for Catherine's turning out "the cold-blooded murderess of many thousands of her fellow-creatures." As we have said, of the facts of Catherine's life in the convent he has nothing to tell, while he admits that she ever retained an impression of the piety of her teachers. But what is that to your genuine anti-papistical Protestant? The less he knows of Catholicism, the more confident he is that it is all an abomination. The darker the blindness of his own eyes, the more fully is he persuaded that he is gazing upon black iniquities too foul to see the light. Accordingly our wiseacre here *proves* that the nuns practically made Catherine a murderess, by detailing sundry miracles said to have been wrought in the convent, and the number of prayers they said in order to be able to offer a splendid new mantle for an image of the Blessed Virgin on a certain great festival. He gives the list of the prayers at full length, quoting from Richa, their panegyrist; and we have no doubt that when he had copied it out, he felt persuaded that he had supplied the English reader with one of the most exquisite pieces of satire upon the superstitions of Popery that history can furnish. To show that we do not quite think its publication fatally destructive of our religion, we give the catalogue the further publicity which our own pages can supply:

"For making the said mantle of six yards of rich brocade of gold, lined with seventy ermine skins, embroidered with sixty-three crowns in gold, and eight hundred and eighty-two precious stones, furnished with a garniture of pearls and a golden clasp, with a Solomon's knot in gold, and a button of gems, and spangled with five sorts of flowers, viz. lilies, roses, carnations, jessamines, and hyacinths,—the following prayers must be said:

For six yards of brocade, three psalters in honour of the Holy Trinity; fifty psalms per yard, with *Gloria tibi Domine*, and medita-

tions on the great favours Mary received from the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

For seventy ermine skins, seven thousand times the *Ave Maria*, in honour of the seven joys.

For sixty-three embroidered crowns, sixty-three times the rosary, in reverence for the sixty-three years Mary lived in the world.

For eight hundred and eighty-two precious stones, fourteen for each crown, must be repeated seven times the joys she had on earth, and seven times the joys she had in heaven.

For a garniture of pearls, seven hundred times *Ave Maria* (sic) *Stella*.

For a clasp, seven hundred times the *O gloriosa Domina*.

For a Solomon's knot, seven hundred times the *Salve Regina*.

For a golden button, seven hundred times the *Alma Redemptoris Mater*.

For embroidered roses, seven hundred times the *Ave Sanctissima Maria*.

For ditto carnations, seven hundred times the *Regina cœli*.

For ditto lilies, seven hundred times the *Ave Regina cœlorum*.

For ditto jessamines, seven hundred times the *Quem terra*.

For ditto hyacinths, seven hundred times the *Memento Salutatis* (sic)."

But, after all, where is the absurdity of this? The nuns have a wish to adorn a certain image of a person whom they love, in a way suited to their own ideas of art and beauty; and in order to be able to accomplish this wish, they offer certain prayers to God. In a similar way, some modern benefactor of his country dies—of course a Protestant—and his grateful fellow-countrymen wish to put up a statue in his honour (not having the fear of idolatry before their eyes); and the managers of the undertaking being religious people, and believing in the efficacy of prayer, pray to God that, if it is His will, the affair may prosper and be brought to a conclusion.

Now we ask, in all honesty, what is the difference between the two cases? If it is natural and sensible to pray that God would bless our pious wishes to honour the memory of an excellent person just dead, why is it superstitious to pray that we may be able to decorate an image of Mary with gold and ermine? Why does the latter prove that the nuns made Catherine an embryo murderess, while the former would be a feather in the cap of any man who had the education of youth under his charge? There are differences of detail, no doubt; but the principle is absolutely the same in both instances. Catholics love the Blessed Virgin, Protestants do not, but consider a statesman or warrior a more worthy object for a statue than her whom God himself has called "blessed."

Again, it throws the æsthetic mind into fits to think of dressing up an image—probably an ugly one—with silk, and ermine, and pearls, and much more with spangles, muslin, and such-like millinery. The British intellect cannot conceive that such things can be otherwise than a mockery of true religion, a superstition at once disgusting and degrading. But why is marble pious and spiritual, and muslin grovelling and gross? Why is a statue by Flaxman or Chantrey not inconsistent with Christianity, while a little wooden image, carved by nobody knows who, is idolatrous and an abomination? Is devotion a matter to be settled by the rules of academies? Does Almighty God hear no prayers but those offered in good grammar? Does He value an artist's *chef-d'œuvre* more than a poor man's daub? As for all these mantles and brocades, these spangles and artificial flowers, personally speaking, we have no taste for them; and we should never say Pater-Nosters and Hail Marys in order to obtain them. But that is simply because our taste does not lie in that direction. There is no merit in a severe and classical taste. Let every man, woman, and child follow their own inclinations in such things, without being laughed at, except in the way of good humour, by their more critical neighbours. When will rational Protestants be rational with respect to us and our devotional practices? When will they learn to see below the surface; to separate the accidental from the essential, and get rid of that shallow bigotry which delights in condemning other people's proceedings simply because they are not one's own.

We have, however, no more space to devote to Mr. Trollope, and can only wish his book a speedy journey to that goal to which it is assuredly advancing, namely, the trunk-maker's shop.

SOUTHWELL'S POEMS.

The Poetical Works of the Rev. Robert Southwell: edited by W. B. Turnbull. London: J. R. Smith.

IN an article upon "Mediaeval Hymns," which we published last April, we were at some pains to prove that the most natural form for delivering religious teaching is a rhythmical and quasi-poetical one. We showed that in past ages the rudiments of theology were almost always taught by means of hymns, just as the abstracts of other sciences were

put into verse, so as to be always at the fingers' ends. But it is not merely as an aid to memory that theology can be best taught in verse; it is not only that this science, where so much depends on the verbal symbol, is most naturally, most easily, and most permanently impressed on the mind in poetical formulæ, but because there is a still deeper and more original connection between religion and poetry than the dry theologian would be willing to concede. Historically no one can doubt that the first poets were the prophets, oracles, and priests of their countrymen; that all poetry was considered a sacred thing, and was for ages devoted solely to religious purposes. The earliest philosophers also spoke in verse; and history thinks it worthy of record that Pherecydes of Syra was the first that innovated on the old custom by writing philosophy in prose. Even still, as Father Faber testifies, nothing takes so strong a hold upon people as religion in metre,—hymns or poems on doctrinal subjects. We have also the highest authority for this use of poetry: those parts of Scripture which most touch the soul and illumine the mind are, in fact, poems. Where the deepest mysteries of religion are discussed,—where the most sacred revelations of dogmatic, moral, or mystical theology are made,—the language always assumes a balanced rhythmical form, even if it is not professedly poetry. Moses summed up his teaching in a song; the Psalms were the liturgy of the Jewish Temple; the Song of Solomon, the teachings of the prophets, are all delivered in this kind of language. In the most exact of the great theological Fathers we observe an epigrammatic mode of writing in balanced rhythmical sentences, full of antithesis, with which all readers of St. Augustine are familiar, and which is far removed from the indefinite carelessness of modern prose.

But the connection between religion and poetry rests on something still deeper than this historical basis. All language, as soon as it goes beyond indicating the ordinary objects of sense, as soon as it becomes more than a nomenclature of things under our eyes, is poetry. How could people have first indicated metaphysical ideas, or expressed the inward acts of the soul, except by the most daring poetical images? Just as nurses call children's sulks "the black dog," so qualities were first expressed by the names or actions of animals: injuries were said to awake a man's sleeping lion; to be pleased was to wag the tail, to express love was to coo like a dove. The more insensible and metaphysical the object of conversation, the more bold must have been the imagery, the more poetical the metaphor. But what

is so far removed from sense as God and the soul? What so invisible, so inaudible, so incomprehensible, as the bond that unites them? Even now, when use has vulgarised and rubbed out our sensibility to the poetry of most of our metaphysical terms, the images which we have to use when talking of God and of religious matters still speak to the depths of our poetical sensibility, and thrill the heart more surely than any others. Doubtless professed theologians, by constant use, will come to see only a technical meaning in the most imaginative symbol; but they should try to remember what effect it at first had on them, and should not attempt to appreciate its poetry by the hardness of the outline which it now presents to their scientific vision. Then they will own that theology, so far as its terms are concerned, *is* poetry; and that, if taught at all, it must be taught poetically. We can appeal to a very high authority in proof of our statement—namely, to St. Thomas himself. In the 9th article of the first question of his *Summa* he introduces his devil's advocate (if we may so term that quarrelsome gentleman who opens all the discussions with his *arguitur quod non*, and who is prepared to contradict every thing that St. Thomas is prepared to affirm, from the being of God down to the use of metaphors in Scripture), "proceeding" on this wise: "Scripture should not use metaphors; for that which is proper to the lowest kind of learning is not fit for theology, the highest of the sciences. But to use various similitudes and representations is proper to poetry, which is the lowest of all learnings; so theology ought not to use them." Yes, indeed, poetry is the lowest learning, in the same sense as the foundation is the lowest building; but it bears up all the rest. Poetry teaches us to get beyond the bark and rind of a word; it teaches us how the unseen may be expressed in terms of the visible, how language may get beyond statistics, and may be of some further use than to enumerate the dishes on the dinner-table or the tools in the work-shop. But let us see what St. Thomas answers to the objections of this enstatic individual. First, then, he crushes him with the words of Osee, "I have multiplied visions, and have been symbolised by the prophets." Then he answers in general, that "Scripture must teach divine and spiritual truths under the similitude of material things, because God provides for all according to the requirements of their nature; but man's nature proceeds through sensible to intelligible things, for all our knowledge begins with sense. Fitly, therefore, does Scripture teach spiritual truths in material metaphors, for as Dionysius the Areopagite says, 'the divine ray cannot possibly shine upon us

otherwise than as shrouded about with a variety of sacred veils.' Besides, as Scripture is for all, wise and unwise in common, it is expedient that spiritual things should be set forth under the images of material things; that thus even unlettered persons might understand them who cannot comprehend abstract metaphysical terms." And lastly, he finishes by giving a particular answer to the objection. "Poetry uses metaphors simply for the purpose of representation, in which man naturally takes pleasure. But Scripture employs them for necessity and use." Scripture, then, is poetry; the essential character of its method is identical with that of poetry; the difference is, that the poets seek to fill the mind's eye with a pleasing picture, or to thrill the heart with a passing sentiment; while the prophets and evangelists wish to teach that which it is necessary to know if we would be saved, and to inflame the heart with a fruitful love of the goodness and beauty of God.

Now how many of us have read over and over again these and similar words of Saint Thomas about the expediency of a poetical style to captivate the popular unscientific mind, *Convenit sacræ Scripturæ, quæ communiter omnibus proponitur, ut spiritualia sub similitudinibus corporalium proponantur, ut saltem vel sic rudes eam capiant*, and then have admired and even analysed the epic grandeur of the whole design of the services of the Church, the dramatic power of her antiphons, and the lyric beauty of her hymns, and have been struck with wonder at the genuine poetic sensibility and artistic skill which must have filled the hearts and heads of those good old monks who have bequeathed this legacy to the world, without ever thinking of uniting the two reflections, and recognising in these services, these antiphons, and these hymns, that very poetical character by which these wise philosophers thought that the minds of the uneducated could be best captivated, and led to take a genuine interest in the sublime dogmas of religion! We have forgotten that these very theologians, who wrote so well both of God and man, and who recognised that it was only by the poetical method that the minds of children and common men can be made to understand spiritual things, have bequeathed to us specimens of this mode of teaching; and with St. Thomas's office for Corpus Christi before our eyes, with the beautiful and most poetical book of Dominican prayers, with the *Lauda Sion*, the *Stabat Mater*, the *Dies iræ* sounding in our ears, we have put up with shabby translations from slipshod French and Italian prayers, conceived in the fashionable epistolary style of the day, without a particle of that powerful and yet refined

poetry which speaks directly to the common heart of humanity in the old medieval devotions and didactic hymns. They are real works of art, which even the atheist and the scoffer might prize, and lay by among his choicest treasures. But once look with a purely artistic eye on the common run of our devotional books, and how trumpery must they appear! Before Father Faber, there was scarcely an attempt worth mentioning to supply English Catholics with devotional poetry; and the consequence was, as he testifies, that "they were not unfrequently found poring with a devout and unsuspecting delight over the verses of the Olney hymns."

Father Faber has attempted, and, on the whole, with marvellous success, to fill this void in our devotional literature. But he must be himself aware of the poverty of his collection in thoughtful poetry like the didactic and dogmatic hymns of the medieval writers. When we expressed, last April, our hope that some gifted person might be found who would endow the Anglo-Saxon race with such a legacy, we little suspected that a treasure of the kind already existed; still less did we imagine that it had been provided by a man whose name may one day stand in the Calendar of the Saints, on account of the glorious martyrdom which he suffered for the Catholic faith.

We do not at present intend to do more than quote enough of Father Southwell's poetry to verify our estimate of him, reserving for a future occasion our criticism of Mr. Turnbull's edition of his works, and of the memoir which he has prefixed to them. Whatever its deficiencies may be, we Catholics are under a great obligation both to him and to the enterprising Protestant publisher for having rescued from oblivion such invaluable relics; for invaluable they are in every sense.

The first and chief sense in which Southwell towers above other poets is, that he was not only a poet. He had not that halfness and incompleteness which would drag down even a Shakespeare from the highest throne of humanity. He (not like Shakespeare, but in his measure) had an eye for the gorgeous hues of the material world; and he employed them as colours to compose his picture. But he did not rest in their beauty; he stepped beyond words into the realm of things; he explored the virtue that resides in the symbols, and imparts their power. He does not pretend to weep sentimental tears with the sorrowing Werter; but he feels the sorrows of St. Peter, and utters the apostle's "complaint" from a heart which has sounded the same depths. His "Mary Magdalen's Tears" are the real experiences of a penitent (not that we

mean that the venerable martyr was in any technical sense a penitent), not the imaginary sorrows of a Byronic *blasé*. The resolutions which he expresses he acted upon; the virtues which he praises he possessed. When he says,

“ My choice was guided with foresightful heed,
It was averred with approving will;
It shall be followed with performing deed,
And sealed with vow, till death the chooser kill.
Yet death, though final date of vain desires,
Ends not my choice, which with no time expires,”

he uttered no vain brag; for his “performing deed” was a most constant martyrdom. When he declared,

“ My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfil;
I make the limits of my power
The bounds unto my will,”

he was simply describing his habitual state of life. When he expressed the wishes of the following exquisite stanza,

“ Who would not die to kill all murdering grieves?
Or who would live in never-dying fears?
Who would not wish his treasure safe from thieves,
And quit his heart from pangs, his eyes from tears?
Death parteth but two ever-fighting foes,
Whose civil strife doth work our endless woes,”

it was no imaginary state of mind, no ideal of what should be, but the simple naked representation of the usual state of his own will. There is no unreality about him. He is a whole, not a half man. His pretensions are not hollow; there is no concave part in his character, no hole to be picked in this perfect sphere, *totus in se teres atque rotundus*.

Next, even in the ranks of secular poets, Father Southwell holds no contemptible place. The music and harmony of his lines are perfect; while reading them we seem to be listening to the cadences of the most beautiful of the old English or Italian madrigals.

But it is as a thoughtful poet that he puts out his greatest power. Here he proves himself a true oracle of wisdom. Whether for terseness in expression, as in the line,

“ Most friends befriend themselves with friendship's show;”

or for practical wisdom, as in a stanza which we earnestly recommend to our Anglican friends,

"Where the truth once was, and is not,
 Shadows are but vanity,
 Showing want that help they cannot,
 Signs, not salves, of misery.
 Painted meat no hunger feeds,
 Dying life each death exceeds ;"

or for intricate play upon words, as in the following quaint but beautiful little fugue on the subject "To live in love,"

"Who lives in love, loves least to live,
 And long delays doth rue,
 If Him he love, by whom he lives,
 To whom all love is due ;
 Who for our love did choose to live,
 And was content to die ;
 Who loved our love more than His life,
 And love with life did buy ;"

or for tenderness of imagery, as in the poem "At home in heaven" (we should like to quote the whole poem).

For all these, Southwell approves himself to our judgment as holding, perhaps, the highest place among the poets of the sixteenth century. We doubt if the poems (not the plays) of Shakespeare could furnish brighter gems.

When such a poet as this has continued in our language the traditions of the medieval hymnographers, the experiment which we demanded has been made. It only remains to see whether our anticipations will be justified by the event—whether these and similar hymns will gradually regain the popularity they once had. We cannot expect them to take the Catholic public by storm; their beauty and grace are too intellectual, too subtle for that; but the heart once captivated by them is loth to submit to the rough handling of a more commonplace poetry. Not that Southwell is deficient in rugged manliness. Let any one read his noble translation of the *Lauda Sion** (which ought to be the foundation for any future version; Father Caswall's pales beside its rough majesty), and he will never suppose Southwell capable of effeminateness. No saintly soul is destitute of certain feminine qualities; but they enhance instead of destroying the male character of the whole. But let us give a few specimens of his hymnology. The first is an address to Sin, from "St. Peter's Complaint":

"Ah, sin, the nothing that doth all things file,†
 Outcast from heaven, earth's curse, the cause of hell ;
 Parent of death, author of our exile,
 The wreck of souls, the wares that fiends do sell ;

* The Protestants, with characteristic dishonesty, in an edition of this poem, in 1630, omitted the stanzas where the dogma of transubstantiation is so beautifully expressed, and substituted some doggerel of their own to teach Hooker's nonsensical view of the Holy Eucharist.

† Defile.

That men to monsters, angels turns to devils,
 Wrong of all rights, self-ruin, root of evils.
 A thing most done, yet more than God can do ;
 Daily new done, yet ever done amiss ;
 Friendled of all, yet unto all a foe ;
 Seeming a heaven, yet banishing from bliss ;
 Served with toil, yet paying naught but pain,
 Man's deepest loss, though false-esteem'd gain."

The second is a hymn on the Nativity of our Lord :

" Behold the Father is His daughter's Son,
 The bird that built the nest is hatched therein ;
 The old of years an hour hath not outrun,
 Eternal life to live doth now begin.
 The Word is dumb ; the mirth of heaven doth weep ;
 Might feeble is, and force doth faintly creep.
 O dying souls, behold your living Spring !
 O dazzled eyes, behold your Sun of grace !
 Dull ears, attend what word this Word doth bring !
 Up, heavy hearts, with joy your Joy embrace !
 From death, from dark, from deafness, from despairs
 This Life, this Light, this Word, this Joy repairs.
 Gift better than Himself God doth not know,
 Gift better than his God no man can see ;
 This Gift doth here the Giver given bestow,
 Gift to this Gift let each receiver be :
 God is my Gift, Himself He freely gave me ;
 God's gift am I, and none but God shall have me."

The third is a portion of a hymn on the Blessed Sacrament, which, as a whole, seems to us not much inferior to St. Thomas's *Lauda Sion* or *Pange lingua* :

" That which He gave He was, O peerless gift !
 Both God and man He was, and both He gave ;
 He in His hands Himself did truly lift :
 Far off they see whom in themselves they have.
 Twelve did He feed, twelve did their Feeder eat ;
 He made, He dressed, He gave—He was their meat.
 They saw, they heard, they felt Him sitting near ;
 Unseen, unfelt, unheard, they Him received ;
 No diverse thing, though diverse it appear—
 Though senses fail, yet faith is not deceived ;
 And if the wonder of the work be new,
 Believe the Worker, for His word is true.
 Whole may His body be in smallest bread,
 Whole in the whole, yea, whole in every crumb ;
 With which be one, or [be] ten thousand fed,
 All to each one, to all but One doth come.
 And though each one as much as all receive,
 Not one too much, nor all too little have."

But here we must conclude, recommending our readers to buy the volume, and to study its contents. St. Alphonsus

recommended the reading of authors whose names begin with an *S*. We do not at all intend to anticipate authority in prefixing this letter to the name of Robert Southwell; but one cannot help imagining that a man who had lived his life and died his death in countries nearer the centre of authority would long ago have been raised on the altars of the Church.

Short Notices.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

The Lamp, September and October 1856. We are sorry to make any invidious remarks on a generally meritorious publication; but the editor of *The Lamp* has, through inadvertence, carelessness, or simplicity, admitted some papers of so scandalous a character into his pages, that we cannot let them pass without a remonstrance. Not that we wish to invite the attention of the authorities to the subject, though we should have thought that the danger of the insidious recommendation of a condemned heresy to the readers of *The Lamp* is considerably greater than that of the consideration of questions as yet undecided in the pages of more exclusively literary periodicals. The papers to which we refer are entitled "Female Confessors of the Cross." They are so palpably dishonest, the intention of the writer of them is so manifestly "Jesuitical" (in his own sense of the term), that they neither deserve nor will receive quarter at the hands of Catholics. This person knows as well as we do that Jansenism is a heresy which no Catholic can hold; he knows that the literature which emanated from Port-Royal, however brilliant it may be, is stained with this heresy, and is placed on the Index of forbidden books; he knows that the nuns and recluses of Port-Royal, those vaunted saints of Jansenism, are noted with the brand of disobedience, pride, wilful error, and quibbling equivocation. Yet this is the doctrine—these are the books—these are the saints—which the writer before us thinks proper to recommend to the simple Catholic reader, through the medium of a magazine of the lightest literature. An unsuspicious Catholic may take up this "illustrated Catholic journal," "devoted to the religious improvement of the working-classes," and may draw from its pages lessons of the most unscrupulous and revolting of heresies. Now is this honest? Moreover, the more surely to disarm suspicion, the hypocrite (we can call the writer by no gentler name) begins his discourse with the names of universally-honoured saints. The first paper is merely a panegyric of St. Bernard, whose rule the nuns of Port-Royal professed to follow. Next, because St. Francis de Sales was a warm friend of the Mother Angelica, his name is prominently put forward; though the writer judiciously omits to tell us that this saint died before his penitent became a Jansenist; and that he, for reasons of his own, had refused to admit her into his order of the Visitation.

Another judicious omission is the name of St. Vincent of Paul. It would not have served the writer's purpose to inform his readers that this well-known saint was one of the great opponents of the Jansenists; and that he carried his hostility to them so far, that he actually delated one of the chiefs of the sect to the civil authorities.

Upon this foundation, equally judicious in its statements and its reticence, our author goes on to build his superstructure of Jansenist hagiology. Mother Angelica is of course the principal figure. Next to her is the "celebrated Abbé de St. Cyran, the friend of the distinguished Jansenius," in the society of which "holy man Angelica seemed again to behold the blessed St. Francis de Sales. Till then she had mourned the loss of the Bishop of Geneva as irreparable. For the first time the abbess 'met with one whose growth in piety was equally extraordinary. Nor could she avoid observing that to the eminent holiness which distinguished St. Francis, M. de St. Cyran added a strength of mental powers, luminous intellect, and an energy of character, peculiarly his own.'" Under the guidance of this heretic, saintly as St. Francis, but far wiser, the inmates of Port-Royal "promoted the truths of the blessed gospel," converted worldlings "to the truth as it is in Jesus," won many souls to Christ, and made them followers of the "meek and lowly Jesus." We quote these peculiar phrases with satisfaction, because they prove to us that the writer is a Protestant: no Catholic ever uses them; they are the coinage of the "Evangelical" mint. The writer himself is probably one of this sect, who has fraudulently gained admission for his writings into *The Lamp* by representing himself to be what he is not. If so, this is a case of moral swindling, quite as infamous as forgery, or obtaining money under false pretences, in the civil commercial code. It is analogous to a case which was received, some years since, with the universal execrations of Protestants, and which cost its author his place under government; when the Archbishop of Canterbury was inveigled by a pretended Protestant inquirer to make some damaging admissions. But the present writer does not attack a man who can defend himself; he attacks the faith of the defenceless flock. It is like a minister dressing himself in a Roman collar, and introducing himself into a hospital as priest, in order to undermine the faith of the patients. No mercy can be shown to such a culprit.

We have no wish to gag argument; we only wish each person to sail under his own colours. If we catch a Jansenist sailing under our flag and capturing our craft, we have nothing to do but to treat him as a pirate. Let him argue his case honestly, if he will; but then, of course, he cannot expect his discussion to be admitted into a Catholic periodical that professes to admit only Catholic writings. He must be content with the "outer darkness" of publications professedly Protestant, and not introduce himself as one of the children of light, even in the pages of so modest a luminary as *The Lamp*.

We trust that the editor will do his readers the justice to apologise for his carelessness, and to warn them off the deleterious trash which he has set before them as wholesome food. Even though he may have been ignorant of the full amount of the evil, we cannot altogether acquit him of a very culpable simplicity, in allowing the writer to use his pages for the abuse of the Jesuits. Surely a journal like his should not indulge in invidious remarks against any order of priests. But when a writer singles out as the reason of his hostility to "the society of Jesuits" (he will not call them by their proper title) that which is one of their greatest glories, namely, the sagacity and perseverance with which they ferreted out the dishonest equivocation of the Jansenists from all the windings

and shifts of their diplomatic sophistry, he shows his *animus* so plainly, that no one who takes editorial responsibility on himself ought for a moment to have been taken in by him.

Liddell v. Westerton. The downward progress of the Establishment is becoming more and more rapid every day. Judgment succeeds judgment, each of them extinguishing some fond hope of the would-be restorers of its "catholicity." The last of these cruel blows was the judgment delivered by Sir J. Dodson in the Court of Arches on the 20th ult. The points which this careful decision has brought out with greater clearness are, first, that the true representatives and founders of the Church of England are not those Caroline divines (Andrews, Laud, &c.), from whose writings all the "catenas" of the Tractarians are made up, but those "irreverent dissenters" who filled the bench in the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth. The true legislation of the Establishment is the privy-council-book of the Protector Somerset; the true expositors of her principles are the bishops of the period. This is a deserved judgment upon the Tractarians; they have always tried to eke out their case with all the spurious saints of Fox's *Book of Martyrs*; they have claimed to sit in their seat; to them they have appealed as to their founders against Popery on the one hand and Dissent on the other. But now it appears that the legitimate successors of these "martyrs" are not the surpliced and ceremonious rubricians who have lately set themselves up as the only true specimens of English churchmanship, but the cross-hating puritans whom Lord Palmerston, with a true appreciation of English history, is now so rapidly promoting to the mitre. Not Andrews, nor Laud, nor Cosin, but Grindal, and Latimer, and Cranmer, and Peter Martyr, are the true fathers and doctors of the Establishment.

The second point is, that English Protestantism is a protest against the cross. In spite of the feeble declaration of Dr. Blomfield, that "he did not think we ought to be ashamed of the cross," the Establishment as an institution is founded on precisely the same basis as the Dutch influence in Japan, namely, the trampling on the crucifix. The fathers of the Reformation trembled like demoniacs in its presence. How Jewell sighed over the Nehushtan in the queen's chapel! "That little silver cross of ill-omened origin still maintains its place in the queen's chapel; wretched me!—this thing will soon be drawn into a precedent." In the visitations of the bishops and ecclesiastical commissioners the cross was not excepted from those monuments of idolatry and superstition which were to be destroyed; for, as Sir John Dodson holds, in the royal injunctions, which had the force of law, the cross was considered, if not an image, at least a monument of idolatry and superstition. The isolated ornament of the cross was not one by its nature excepted from the danger of being abused, according to the distinction in the "Homily against the peril of idolatry" (1562). This homily made an exception in favour of historical paintings, observing that men do not so readily worship a picture on a wall or window as an embossed and gilt image set with pearls or stones. It is added that "a story painted with the gestures and actions of many persons, and commonly the story written beneath, hath another use in it than one dumb idol or image standing by itself." So, according to the learned judge, the cross also is a dumb idol, like an African fetish, or a Hindoo image. And as such, all deans, archdeacons, masters of colleges, &c. were enjoined to take it away, "so that there remain no memory of the same on walls, glass windows, or elsewhere, within their churches or houses." No wonder that the authors of these Dutch-Japanese injunctions joined Jewell in his protest against the queen's crucifix: "The establishing of images by

your royal authority shall not only utterly discredit our ministries and builders of the thing which we have destroyed, but also blemish the fame of your most godly brother and such notable fathers as have given their lives for the testimony of God's truth, who by public law removed all images;" and that they burnt and treated with all imaginable insults the images of Christ, of our Lady, and of the saints; that they overthrew the altars, and broke down the carved work with axes and hammers; that they tore the service-books, destroyed the organs, turned the vestments into quilts and curtains, insulted the sacraments, and did their best to wipe out all memory of Christianity. It is enough to say of them that they were haters of the cross, or at best that they could endure it but for a moment, while it was signed over the unconscious infant in baptism, never to be looked upon with patience again. And these, in the eye of the law, and of every honest man, are the persons from whom Anglicans derive their rights, and whom they cannot renounce till they renounce all connection with the imposture which they founded.

Among the books sent us for review we have only space to notice a few of the more important. Dr. Newman's fascinating volume, the *Office and Work of Universities* (London, Longmans), is a re-publication of papers which appeared in successive numbers of the *Catholic University Gazette*. It is the fashion now for Protestant critics to warn their readers off from the works of this great writer, by declaring that his power is altogether destructive; that he is wonderful in demolishing other people's fabrics, but impotent in building any solid edifice in their place, in spite of his adroitness in "putting a bottom to a question that is really bottomless;" so they tell us that Dr. Newman is on the whole "an infidel writer!" And probably Protestants believe these veracious gentlemen, and abstain from verifying for themselves a judgment which they are but too eager to publish. Perhaps they will not fear coming within Dr. Newman's influence on such a harmless subject as "universities." If they will dare to take the step, we can promise them, not a destruction, but an edification of their ideas. The present volume brings out, by means of historical narrative, imaginative illustration, and close reasoning, the ideal of a university with such clearness and distinctness, that the intellectual image seems to be invested with the qualities of the sensible, and to stand forth in form and colour before our eyes.

The next most important book is the Rev. J. Spencer Northcote's book on the *Roman Catacombs* (London, Dolman), an indispensable guide-book both for the fireside traveller and for the actual explorer of the places, and most interesting to any one who wishes to enlarge the brief sketch of them which was given in *Fabiola*. Much of the matter of this volume has appeared at intervals in our pages.

The Lost Sheep and other Poems, by H. A. Rawes, M.A. (London, Richardson), is a volume of some promise; though the union of Wordsworthian naturalism and Spenserian allegory forms as unequal a whole as one of Turner's mythological pictures.

We should have thought that Green and Marlowe's poems, which form Mr. Bell's new volume of old poets, were scarcely decent enough for publication in the present age.

Other poems, by Mr. Dewar, and an anonymous author, we have not yet had time to read.

Obituary.

Of your charity, pray for the repose of the soul of JAMES KIRSOPP, who departed this life at the Spital, near Hexham, on the 11th day of December 1856, aged 42; on whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.